This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

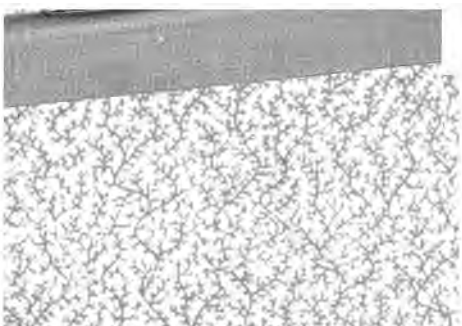
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07609504 5



THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

Some Account of

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Baltimore:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN & THOMAS VANCE.

J. Robinson, printer.

1816.

TILDEN LIBRARY
1895

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

MR. STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE was the son of an Irish officer, and born in the barracks of Dublin. But, though nurtured among soldiers, he was a son of the church; and, if we may take the opinion of a bishop on his sermons, not unworthy the title. His great-grandfather was an archbishop, and his uncle a prebendary of one of our cathedrals.

From school, he passed in due course to the university, where he spent the usual number of years; read a great deal, laughed more, and sometimes took the invention of puzzling his tutors. He left Cambridge with the character of an odd man, and who had no harm in him, who had parts, if he would use them.

Upon leaving the university, he seated himself quietly in the lap of the church, at Sutton, on the Forest of Galtres, a small vicarage in Yorkshire. Here he waited patiently, till time and chance (which now guide where judgment once presided) should raise him to what they pleased: and here an occasion offered, which made him first feel himself, and to which, perhaps, we owe the origin of the history of *Tristram*.

There happened a dispute among some of the superior *of his order, in* which Mr. Sterne's friend, one of the b

-coat, with which the present possessor [illegible]
over his own shoulders, unless he can also cut
etticoat for his wife, and a pair of breeches for

ne serious arguments in the world could not
Sterne's satirical pen brought about. The in-
olizer sent him word, that if he would suppress
n of this sarcasm, he would resign his preten-
xt candidate. The pamphlet was suppressed,
took place, and Mr. Sterne was requited, by
his patron, with the prebendaryship of York.
, much about the same time, contributed ex-
stablish the reputation of Mr. Sterne's wit. It
was sitting in the coffee-house at York, when a
in, who gave much offence to the company,
fly of gentlemen of the gown, by descanting
on religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy.
llew at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne,
what were his sentiments upon the subject;
of answering him directly, he told the witling,
was reckoned one of the most beautiful point-

divine service on Sunday mornings; and in the afternoon he preached at the rectory of Stillington, which he held as one of the prebends of York, in which capacity he also assisted regularly, in his turn at the cathedral. Thus he decently lived a becoming ornament to the church, till his Rabelaisian spirit, which issued from the press, immersed him into the gayeties and frivolities of the world.

His wit and humour were already greatly admired within the circle of his acquaintance; but his genius had never yet reached the capital, when his two first volumes of Tristram Shandy made their appearance. They were printed at York, and proposed to the booksellers there at a very moderate price; those gentlemen, however, were such judges of their value, that they scarce offered the price of paper and print; and the work made its way into the world, without any of the artifices which are often practised to put off an edition. A large impression being almost instantaneously sold, the booksellers were roused from their lethargy, and every one was eager to purchase the second edition of the copy. Mr. Sterne sold it for six hundred pounds, after being refused fifty pounds for the first impression and proprietorship.

The two first volumes of Tristram Shandy were now in every body's hands. All read, most approved, but few understood them. Those who had not entered into the ludicrous manner of Rabelais, or the poignant satire of Swift, did not comprehend them; but they joined with the multitude, and pronounced Tristram Shandy very clever. Even the reviewers recommended Mr. Shandy as a writer infinitely more ingenious and entertaining than any other of the present race of novelists; adding, his characters were striking and singular, his observations shrewd and pertinent, and making a few exceptions, that his humour was easy and genuine.

The publication of these two volumes brought Mr. Sterne into great repute. He was considered as the genius of the age. His company was equally courted by the great, the *literati*, the witty and the gay; and it was considered as *kind of honour to have* passed an evening with the author *Tristram Shandy*. Though some of the over-rigid o'

iny respects, advantageous to him. Among
Earl Faulconberg so particularly patronized the
is work, that, to testify his approbation, he pre-
terme with the rectory of Cawood, which was an
d convenient addition to his other livings, being
ghbourhood of York.

ublication consisted of two volumes of sermons,
verest critics could not help applauding, for the
egance of their style, and the excellence of their
manner in which they were ushered to public
by some, severely condemned, whilst others
it such excellent discourses should stand in need
troduction; and many were of opinion that he
ristram Shandy purely to introduce them, as,
: to the sermons, he acquaints the reader, that
n which gave rise to the publication of these,
a offered to the public as a sermon of Yorick's,
ie most serious reader, would find nothing to
in his continuing those two volumes under the

Lest it should be otherwise, I have added a
name, with the real name of the author:——

He had nevertheless a great number of admirers; and he was encouraged to publish a fifth and sixth volume. Their satire was still poignant, spirited, and in general, extremely just. The characters, though somewhat overcharged, were lively, and in nature. He constantly caught the Ridiculous, wherever he found it; and he never failed to present it to his readers in the most agreeable point of light. His story of Le Fevre was highly finished, and truly pathetic; and would alone rescue his name from oblivion, if his sermons were not considered as some of the best moral discourses extant.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth volumes have not yet completed that work; so that what was said upon the publication of his first volumes, has been verified: "Mr. Shandy "seems so extremely fond of digressions, and of giving his "historical readers the slip upon all occasions, that we are "not a little apprehensive, he may, some time or other, give "them the slip in good earnest, and leave the world before "the story be finished."

In the above mentioned volumes, Mr. Sterne carries his readers through France, and introduces some scenes and characters, which are afterwards taken up in the Sentimental Journey, particularly that of Maria; so that this may, in some measure, be considered as a continuation of the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.

It is almost needless to observe, of a book so universally read as Shandy, that the story of the hero's life is the least part of the author's concern. It is, in reality, nothing more than a vehicle for satire on a great variety of subjects. Most of these satirical strokes are introduced with little regard to any connection, either with the principal story or with each other. The author having no determined end in view, runs from object to object, as they happen to strike a very lively and very irregular imagination. In fact, the book is a perpetual series of disappointments; yet, with this and other blemishes, the life of Tristram Shandy has uncommon merit and the freedom and sincerity of its author, perhaps can be equalled by any other writer beside the inimitable Montaigne. The faults of an original work are alwa

doned; and it is not surprising, that at a time when a tame imitation makes almost the whole merit of so many books so happy an attempt at novelty should have been so well received. His last work, however, may be considered as his greatest, since it contains a variety of agreeable pathetic descriptions, in an easy, simple style, cleared from much of the obscurity and levity which degrade the former volumes.

As Mr. Sterne advanced in literary fame, he left his livings to the care of his curates; and, though he acquired some thousands by his productions, being a character very distant from an œconomist, his savings were no greater at the end of the year, than when he had no other support but the single vicarage of Sutton. Indeed, his travelling expenses abroad, and the luxurious manner in which he lived with the gay and polite at home, greatly promoted the dissipation of a very considerable sum, which his writings had produced; and which might have been a future assistance to his family. This being the case, at his death, his widow and daughter, an agreeable young lady about sixteen, who had both resided for some years in a convent in France,* having separated from Mr. Sterne through some pique, which was differently accounted for by the parties, finding that the pensions must discontinue, returned to England, in order to publish his posthumous works. Being at York during the last races, some humane gentlemen, friends and admirers of the late Prebend, took into consideration their disagreeable situation, and made them a present of a purse containing a thousand pounds. This unexpected and generous sum added to a very extensive subscription of the nobility and gentry to three additional volumes of sermons, has afforded a sufficient provision to enable them to support them in their late recluse manner of life, to which they have determined to return.

* A particular and ingenious account of this absurdity of the English, is given in Col. Thicknesse's "Observations on the customs and manners of the French nation, with which many useful hints and informations to travellers, during the tour of France, may be found.

As Mr. Sterne hath drawn his own character (under the name of Yorick) with great happiness and skill, we will take the liberty of introducing it here, the better to complete our account of the author and his works.

"——— This is all that ever staggered my faith in "regard to Yorick's extraction, who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, "seem'd not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in "his whole crasis; in nine hundred years it might possibly "have all run out:——— I will not philosophise one "moment with you about it; for happen how it would, the "fact was this:——— That instead of that cold phlegm "and exact regularity of sense and humors, you would have "look'd for, in one so extracted;——— he was on the "contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition,——— "as heteroclite a creature in all his declensions——— "with as much life and whim, and gaiete de coeur about "him, as the kindliest climate could have engendered and put "together. With all this sail, poor Yorick carried not one "ounce of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in the world; "and at the age of twenty-six, knew just about as well how "to steer his course in it, as a rompang unsuspicious girl of "thirteen: So that, upon his first setting out, the brisk gale "of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul, ten times "in a day, of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and "more slow-paced were oftenest in his way,——you may "likewise imagine, 'twas with such he generally had the ill "luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there "might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of "such fracas——For, to speak the truth, Yorick had an in- "vincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity;—— "not to gravity as such——for, where gravity was wanted, "he would be the most grave and serious of mortal men for "days and weeks together:——but he was an enemy to the "affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as "*it appeared a cloak* for ignorance, or for folly; and then, "*whenever it fell* in his way, however sheltered and protect- "ed, *he seldom* gave it much quarter.

" Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say,
" gravity was an errant scoundrel; and he would add
" of the most dangerous kind too,——because a sly
" and that he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning
" ple were bubbled out of their goods and money by it i
" twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-liftin
" seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart
" vered, he would say, There was no danger——but to i
" ——whereas the very essence of gravity was design
" consequently deceit;——'twas a taught trick to gain
" dit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a
" was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,——i
" no better, but often worse, than what a French wi
" long ago defined it————viz. A mysterious carria
" the body, to cover the defects of the mind;——which
" nition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence,
" say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

" But, in plain truth he was a man unhackneyed in
" practised in the world, and was altogether as ins
" and foolish on every other subject of discourse, wh
" licy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no
" sion but one, and that was what arose from the r
" the deed spoken of; which impression he would
" translate into plain English without any periphra
" and too oft without much distinction of either p
" time or place;——so that when mention was
" pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding,——he
" himself a moment's time to reflect who was the
" piece——what his station——or how far he
" hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty
" without more ado,——the man was a dirty
" and so on:——And as his comments had
" fate to be terminated either in a bon mot, o
" ed throughout with some drollery or hur
" sion, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscreti
" *though he never sought*, yet, at the same t
" *shunn'd occasions of saying what came*
" *without much ceremony*,——he had h
" *tations in life, of scattering his wit and*

" his gibes and his jests about him.——They were not lost " for want of gathering."

Mr. Sterne died as he lived, the same indifferent, careless creature; as, a day or two before, he seemed not in the least affected with his approaching dissolution. He was buried privately in a new burying ground, belonging to the parish of St. George's, Hanover-square, at twelve o'clock at noon, attended only by two gentlemen in a mourning coach, no bell tolling. His death was announced in the news-papers of March 22d, 1768, by the following paragraph:

" Died at his lodgings in Bond-street, the Rev. Mr. Sterne. " Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well; a Fellow of infinite Jest, most excellent Fancy! &c.

" *Wit, Humour, Genius* hadst thou, all agree;
One grain of *Wisdom* had been worth the *Three*."

wwatever Yorick's lot, in whate'er state,
I'd gladly risk it in the hour of fate,
Sooner than join with thee!—I would say rath
Unto Corruption—thou shall't be my father.
" * Be thine the avenging angel's lot, decreed
" To point each fault, and aggravate each deed
" Angel of Mercy!—thy sweet task be mine
" To blot them ere they reach the Throne divin

Yorick, farewell! peace dwell around thy ston
Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breasts, while pity has a claim,
Le Fever's story shall enhance thy fame;
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess the master's hand.
" † One generous tear unto the Monk you gave;
" Oh let me weed this nettle from thy grave!"

Ages unborn shall celebrate the page,
Where friendly join the satirist and sage:
O'er Yorick's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep,
And British genius mournful vigils keep;
Then, sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
'Great were his faults, but glorious was his flame.'

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY,

GENTLEMAN.

Ταραττει τὰς Ἀνθρώπους ὲ τὰ Πραγματα, αλλὰ τὰ περι τῶν Πραγματων Δογματα.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

MR. PITT.

SIR,

NEVER poor wight of a dedicator had less hope from his dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retir'd thatch'd house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth being firmly persuaded, that every time a man smiles——but much more so, when he laughs, that it adds something to this fragment of life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it—(not under your protection,—it must protect itself, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain——I shall think myself as happy as a minister of state——perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,
(and what is more to your honor,)
I am, good Sir,
Your Well-Wisher,
and most humble Fellow Subject,
THE AUTHOR.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me: Had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing;——that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius, and the very cast of his mind;—and for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house, might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost:—Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly,——I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, *from that in* which the reader is likely to see me.—— *Believe me, good folks,* this is not so inconsiderable a thing *as many of you may* think it;——you have all, I dare say, heard *of the animal* spirits, as how they are transfused from

father to son, &c. &c.——and a great deal to th
pose:——Well, you may take my word, that nine
ten of a man's sense, or his nonsense, his successes a
carriages in this world, depend upon their motions a
vity, and the different tracks and trains you put ther
so that when they are once set a going, whether r
wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter,——away they g
tering like hey-go-mad; and, by treading the sam
over and over again, they presently make a road o
plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which, when t
once used to, the Devil himself sometimes shall not
to drive them off it.

Pray, my dear, quoth my mother, have you not fo
wind up the clock?——Good G——! cried my father
ing an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his v
the same time,——did ever woman, since the creation
world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?
what was your father saying?——Nothing.

CHAPTER II.

——————THEN positively, there is nothing
question that I can see, either good or bad. ————
let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unseasonable ques
least,————because it scattered and dispersed t
mal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted an
hand in hand with the HOMUNCULUS, and conducte
safe to the place destined for his reception.

The *Homunculus*, Sir, in however low and ludi
light he may appear, in this age of levity, to the eye
or prejudice;——*to the* eye of reason in scientific
he stands confess'd————a *Being* guard
scribed with rights:————The minute
who, by the bye, have the most enlarged

(their souls being inversely as their inquiries) shew us incontestibly, That the *Homunculus* is created by the same hand, ——engender'd in the same course of nature,——endowed with the same locomotive powers and faculties with us: ——That he consists, as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations;—is a being of as much activity,—and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow creature, as my Lord Chancellor of England.——He may be benefited,—he may be injured,——he may obtain redress;——in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorf or the best ethic writers allow to arise out of that state and relation.

Now dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone? Or that, through terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey's end miserably spent;——his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread;—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description,—and that in this sad disordered state of nerves, he had laid down a prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies for nine long months together!—I tremble to think what a foundation had been laid for a thousand weaknesses, both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or the philosopher could ever afterwards have set thoroughly to rights.

CHAPTER III.

To my uncle Mr. Toby Shandy do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural *philosopher, and* much given to close reasoning, *upon the smallest matters,* had oft, and heavily complained *of the injury: but once* more particularly, as my Uncle To-

TO THE RIGHT HO

MR. PITT

IR,

VER poor wight of a dedicator had
ation, than I have from this of min
ye corner of the kingdom, and in
where I live in a constant endeavou
rmities of ill health, and other evils
rmly persuaded, that every time a
h more so, when he laughs, that it a
ment of life.
bly beg, Sir, that you will honour
—(not under your protection,—it n
—into the country with you; where
made you smile, or can conceive i
moment's pain——I shall think my
r of state——perhaps much happi
y excepted) that I have ever read o
reat Sir,
what is more to your honor,)
am, good Sir,
Your Well-Wisher,
and most humble Fellow Subjec
THE AU

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

I WISH either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me: Had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing;——that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius, and the very cast of his mind;—and for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house, might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost:—Had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly,——I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world, from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—— *Believe me, good folks,* this is not so inconsiderable a thing *as many of you* may think it;——you have all, I dare say, *heard of the animal* spirits, as how they are transfused from

undertaken, you see, to write, not only my l
opinions also; hoping and expecting that your
of my character, and of what kind of a mortal
one, would give you a better relish for the oth
proceed farther with me, the slight acquaintan
now beginning betwixt us, will grow into fam
that, unless one of us is in fault will termi
ship——O diem præclarum!——then
has touched me will be thought trifling in
dious in i telling. Therefore, my dear fr
tive on my first setting out,—bear with
go on, and tell my story my own way
seem now and then to trifle upon the ro
times put on a fool's cap with a bell to
two as we pass along——don't fly off,—
only give me credit for a little more
on my outside;—and as we jog on, cla
at me, or, in short, do any thing,——
per.

CHAPTE

In the same village where
dwelt also thin, upright, mo
of a midwife, who with the
and some years full employe
she had along trusted litth
deal to those of Dame Natu
no small degree of repute
word world, need I in thi
I would be understood t
circle described upon th
English miles diameter,

where the good old woman lived, is supposed to be the centre.—She had been left, it seems, a widow in great distress with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage,—grave deportment,—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress and silence under it, called out the louder for a friendly lift—the wife of the parson of the parish was touch'd with pity; and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her husband's flock had for many years been exposed, inasmuch as there was no such thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree to be got at, let the case have been never so urgent, within less than six or seven long miles riding,—which said seven long miles in dark nights and dismal roads, the country thereabout being nothing but a deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen, and that in effect was sometimes next to having no midwife at all,—it came into her head that it would be doing as reasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little instructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herself, the Gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth, the parson joined his interest with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a title by law to practice, as his wife had given by instruction,——he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's license himself, amounting in the whole to the sum of eighteen shillings and four pence; so that betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invested in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all its rights, members and appurtenances whatsoever.

These last words, you must know, were not according to the ill form in which such licenses, faculties and powers usually run, which *in like cases had* heretofore been granted to the sisterhood. *But it was* according to a neat Formula of Dr *his own divising*, who having a particular turn for va-

at great ... ...
ht imaginable in combing of asses tails, ...
dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had
ys in his pocket! Nay, if you come to that, Sir,
wisest men in all ages, not excepting Solomon
ave they not had their *Hobby-Horses*,——their
es,——their coins and their cockleshells, their
their trumpets, their fiddlers, their pallets——
ts and their butterflies?——and so! g as a man
bby-Horse peaceably and quietly along the King's
nd neither compels you or me to get up behind
, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

CHAPTER VIII.

—DE gustibus non est disputandum;——that is, ... Horses: and, for my part,

consequence in the world it is not much matter what I do; so I seldom fret or fume at all about it: Nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great Lords and tall personages as hereafter follow;—such for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and so on, all of a row mounted upon their several horses;——some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and sober pace;—others on the contrary, tuck'd up to their very chins with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering it away like so many little party-coloured devils astride a mortgage,——and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks.—So much the better—say I to myself;——for in case the worst should happen, the world would make a shift to do excellently well without them,——and for the rest,—why—God speed them——e'en let them ride on without any opposition from me; for were their Lordships unhorsed this very night——'tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.

Not many of these instances therefore can be said to break in upon my rest.——But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is when I see one born for great actions, and, what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones;——when I behold such a one, my Lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom for that reason a corrupt world cannot spare one moment;————when I see such a one, my Lord, mounted, though it be but a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory, wishes,—then, my Lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience, I wish the *Hobby-Horse*, with all his fraternity, at the Devil.

"My Lord,

"I MAINTAIN *this* to be a dedication, notwithstanding its "*singularity in the three* great essentials, of matter, form, "*and place*; I beg, therefore, you will accept it as such

" and most devoted,
" and most humble servant,
" *Tristram Shandy.*"

CHAPTER IX.

SOLEMNLY declare to all mankind, that the above dedi-
tion was made for no one Prince, Prelate, Pope, or Potem-
e,-Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, of this, or any
er Realm in Christendom,——nor has it yet been hawk'd
ut, or offered publickly or privately, directly or indirect-
to any one person or personage, great or small; but is
estly a true Virgin Dedication untried on, upon any soul
ng.

labour this point so particularly, merely to remove any
nce or objection which might arise against

stands in need of a tight, genteel dedication, and whom the above will suit, (for, by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with it)——it is much at his service for fifty guineas,——which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded at by any man of genius.

My Lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your Lordship sees, is good,—the colouring transparent,—the drawing not amiss; or to speak more like a man of science,—and measuring my piece in the painter's scale, divided into 20,——I believe, my Lord, the out-lines will turn out as 13——the composition as 9——the colouring as 6,—the expression 13 and a half,——and the design,——if I may be allowed, my Lord, to understand my own design, and supposing absolute perfection in designing, to be as 20,——I think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this——there is keeping in it, and the dark strokes in the *Hobby Horse* (which is a secondary figure, and a kind of back ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;——and besides, there is an air of originality in the tout ensemble.

Be pleased, my good Lord, to order the sum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Dodsley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care shall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your Lordship's titles, distinctions, arms and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceeding chapter: All which, from the words, De gustibus non est disputandum, and whatever else in this book relates to *Hobby-Horses*, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your Lordship—The rest I dedicate to the *Moon*, who, by the bye, of all the *Patrons* or *Matrons* I can think of, has most power to set my book a going, and make the world run mad after it.

Bright Goddess,

If thou art not too busy with *Candid* and Miss Cunegund's *affairs*,——take Tristram Shandy's under thy protection als

s, the parson's wife, did run away at that time with
ole of it: And yet, for my life I cannot help thinking
t the parson himself, though he had not the good for-
o hit upon the design first——yet as he heartily con-
in it the moment it was laid before him, and as hear-
rted with his money to carry it into execution, had a
o some share of it,——if not a full half of whatever
was due to it.
world at that time was pleased to determine the mat-
erwise.
down the book, and I will allow you half a day to
robable guess at the grounds of this procedure.
known then, that for about five years before the date
midwife's license, of which you have had so circum-
an account,——the parson we have to do with,
le himself a country talk, by a breach of all decorum,
e had committed against himself, his station, and his
——and that was in his never appearing better or
e mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of an
alue about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to
all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante

sinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood; and let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the world, in behalf of which, you could not say more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatic work,—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse,——in all other points the parson's horse, I say, was just such another,——for he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as *Humility* herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his, for he was master of a very handsome demi-peak'd saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a noble pair of shining brass stirrups, with a housing altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, poudre d'or,—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life, together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be——But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study door;—and, in lieu of them, had seriously befitted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him——you will easily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young——Labour stood still as he pass'd, the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well——the spinning wheel forgot its *round*——even *chuck*-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves *stood gaping till he* had got out of sight; and as his movements were none of the quickest, he had generally time enough

on the mistake——instead of giving the true cause,——he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast,—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved,—that they were centaur-like—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit—he would say, he found himself going off fast in a consumption; and, with great gravity would pretend he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times he would give fifty humourous and opposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken winded horse, preferable to one of mettle;——for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully de vanitate mundi et fuga seculi, as with the advantage of a death's head before him;—that in all other exercitations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along—to as mue'

strense. In the language of the country where he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally f the best in the whole parish standing in his stable ady for saddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, vile country,——it so fell out that the poor gentle- earee a whole week together without some piteous n for his beast; and as he was not an unkind- an, and every case was more pressing and more than the last,——as much as he loved his beast, ver a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which rally this, that his horse was either clapped, or or greaz'd—or he was twitter-bon'd, or broken r something, in short, or other had befallen him, uld let him carry no flesh; so that he had every n months a bad horse to get rid of,——and a good urchase in his stead.

se loss in such a balance might amount to, com- unnis, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers se traffic to determine;——but let it be what it

the least wanted, namely to the child-bearing and child-getting part of the parish; reserving nothing for the impotent,—nothing for the aged,—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty and sickness and affliction dwelt together.

For these reasons he resolved to discontinue the expense; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;——and these were either to make it an irrevocable law, never more to lend his steed upon any application whatever,—or else to be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first,—he very cheerfully betook himself to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said, to his honour,—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it, choosing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyric upon himself.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless knight of la Mancha, whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone further to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story: The thing I had in view, was to show the temper of the world in the whole of this affair. For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit, the devil a soul could find it out; I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not,—But no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expenses of the ordinary's license to set her up,—but the whole secret came out every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruc *were known and* distinctly remembered. The stor *like wild-fire*——"The parson had a returning fit of *which had just* seized him, and he was going to

" mounted once again in his life; and if it was so, 'twas " plain as the sun at noon day, he would pocket the expense " of the license ten times told the very first year:———so " that every body was left to judge what were his views in " this act of charity."

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life,—or rather, what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it, was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been sound asleep.

About ten years ago, this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy upon that score,—it being just so long since he left his parish, and the whole world at the same time behind him,——and stands accountable to a judge, of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men: Order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium which so twists and refracts them from their true directions——that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which, this gentleman was a painful example———But to know by what means this came to pass,——and to make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry its moral along with it———When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAPTER XI.

YORICK was this parson's name, and what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient account of the family wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation) it had been exactly so spelt for near——I was within an ace of saying nine hundred years;——but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself; and therefore I shall content myself with only saying,——It had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long; which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners——Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of their respective proprietors?——In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villanous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, "that his own great grand-father was the man who did either this or that."

This evil had been sufficiently fenced against by the prudent care of the Yorick family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote, which do further inform us that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, king of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick's, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not:——It only adds, that for near two centuries had been totally abolished, as altogether unnecessary *only in that court*, but in every other court in the Christian world.

——y, to know the certainty of this;——but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son, whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work; I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country,——namely, "That nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy in her gifts of genius and capacity to its inhabitants;——but use a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; serving such an equal tenor in the distribution of her ours, as to bring them in those points, pretty near to a l with each other; so that you will meet with few instan- in that kingdom, of refined parts: but a great deal of plain household understanding amongst all ranks of k; of which every body has a share."

right.

and by all the accounts I could ever get of to have had one single drop of Danish blood sis; in nine hundred years it might possibly ——I will not philosophize one moment w for, happen how it would, the fact was thi of that cold phlegm, and exact regulari humours, you would have looked for, in o he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and s position,—as heteroclite a creature in all hi with as much life and whim, and gaiete de as the kindliest climate could have engende ther. With all this sail, poor Yorick carrie of ballast; he was utterly unpractised in t the age of twenty-six, knew just about as his course in it, as a romping unsuspicious So that upon his first setting out, the brisk as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times body's tackling; and as the grave and mor of most in his way,—you may likewise im such he generally had the ill luck to get th For aught I know, there might be some mi wit at the bottom of such fracas——for, to Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposi to gravity;——not to gravity as such—— vity was wanted, he would be the most gra mortal men for days and weeks together;— an enemy to the affectation of it, and de against it, only as it appeared a cloak for folly; and then, whenever it fell in his wa tered and protected, he seldom gave it mu

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, h gravity was an arrant scoundrel: and, he w most dangerous kind too,——because a he verily believed, more honest, well mean bubbled out of their goods and money by month, than by pocket-picking and shop *In the naked temper* which a merry hea *would say, There* was no danger—but t *the very essence of* gravity was design,

deceit;—'twas a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth; and that, with all its pretensions,—it was no better, but often worse than what a French wit had long ago defined it,—viz. A mysterious carriage of the body, to cover the defects of the mind;——which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence, would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhackneyed and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse, where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English, without any periphrasis——————and too oft without much distinction of either personage, time, or place;—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding——he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the Hero of the piece——what his station——or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter;——but if it was a dirty action,——without more ado,——the man was a dirty fellow——and so on:——And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon mot, or to be enliven'd throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony,——he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour,——his gibes and his jests, about him——They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Mortgager and the Mortgagee differ the on
the other, not more in length of purse, than the Jest
Jestee do in that of memory. But in this the compari
tween them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all
which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more, tha
of the best Homer's can pretend to ——namely, Th
one raises a sum, and the other a laugh at your expen
think no more about it. Interest, however, still runs
both cases——the periodical or accidental payments
just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive;
length, in some evil hour——pop comes the creditor
each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, t
with full interest to the very day, makes them both f
full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your ifs) has a thorough
ledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisf
that my Hero could not go on at this rate without
slight experience of these incidental mementos. To
the truth he had wantonly involved himself in a ne
of small book-debts of this stamp, which notwithst
Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded;
ing that, as not one of them was contracted throu
malignancy,——but on the contrary, from an hone
mind and a mere jocundity of humour, they would
them be cross'd out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would oft
him, that, one day or other, he would certainly be re
with; and, he would often add in an accent of sorrow
prehension——to the uttermost mite. To which
with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often
with a pshaw!—and, if the subject was started in th
—*with a hop*, skip, and a jump at the end of it; but
pent up in the social chimney corner, where the cold
barricado'd in with a table and a couple of arm ch

d not so readily fly off in a tangent——Eugenius would n go on with his lecture upon discretion, in words to this urpose, though somewhat better put together.

Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later, bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.————In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens, that a person laugh'd at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies,—and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him, from a sense of common danger; 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes,—thou hast got an hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thy ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies,——I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—but consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other;—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, or integrity of conduct, shall set right.———The fortunes of thy house shall totter,—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it,—thy faith questioned,—thy works belied,—thy wit forgotten,——thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, *Cruelty* and *Cowardice*, twin-ruffians hired and set on by *Malice* in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes;—the best *of us, my dear lad,* lie open there;—and trust me—trust *me, Yorick, when, to* gratify a private appetite, it is once *resolved upon, that* an innocent and an helpless creature

of it.——The whole plan of the attack, just as Eug
had forebode, was put in execution all at once,——
so little mercy on the side of the allies,——and so lit
icion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against him,—
when he thought, good easy man! full surely pref
it was o'ripe ning,—they had smote his root, and then
as many a worthy man had fallen before him.
orick, however, fought it ought with all imaginable g
y for some time; till, overpower'd by numbers, a
out at length by the calamities of the war,—but mo
y the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on,
rew down the sword; and though he kept up his s
in appearance to the last,—he died, nevertheless as w
rally thought, quite broken-hearted.
hat inclined Eugenius to the same opinion, was as f
:
few hours before Yorick breath'd his last, Eugeni
t in with an intent to take his last sight and last farew
im: Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aski
he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took he

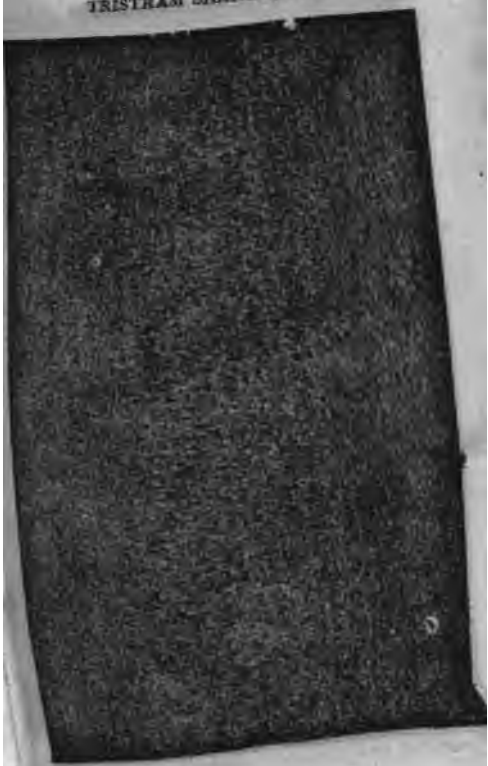
genius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head.—For my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee,—and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.———I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.———I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that 'tis so bruised and misshapen'd with the blows which ***** and *****, and some others, have so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pancha, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon "be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail," not one of 'em would fit it.———Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he utter'd this,—yet still it was utter'd with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar.

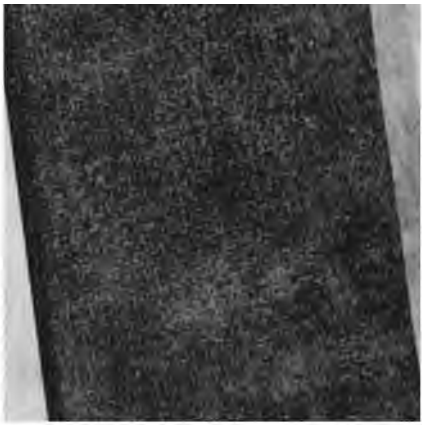
Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeez'd his hand,———and then walk'd softly out of the room, weeping as he walk'd. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door;—he then closed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church yard, in the parish of ———, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, *by leave of his* executors, laid upon his grave, *with no more than these three* words of inscription, serving both *for his epitaph and elegy:*

Alas, poor YORICK

Alas, poor YORICK!





CHAPTER XIII.

IT is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is such a body still in the world, and whom, upon the best judgment I can form upon my own plan at present,—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: But, as fresh matter may be started, and much unexpected business fall out betwixt the reader and myself, which may require immediate despatch,—'twas right to take care that the poor woman should not be lost in the mean time;——because when she is wanted we can no way do without her.

I think I told you that this good woman was a person of no small note and consequence throughout our whole village and township;—that her fame had spread itself to the very out edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every soul living, whether he has a shirt to his back or no,—has one surrounding him:—which said circle, by the way, whenever 'tis said, that such a one is of great weight and importance in the world, I desire may be enlarged or contracted in your worship's fancy, in a compound ratio of the station, profession, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (measuring both ways) of the personage brought before you.

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which made a considerable thing of it. I must add, that she was moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I said, from the smoke of her own chimney:———But I must here, once for all, *inform* you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and devi-

lopements to this work, will be added to the
tieth volume ;—not to swell the work—I de
of such a thing,——but by way of commen
illustration and key to such passages, inci
dues, as shall be thought to be either of pri
tion, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after
opinions shall have been read over, (now d
meaning of the word)—by all the world :—
you and me, and in spite of all the gentlem
Great-Britain, and of all that their worships
to write or say to the contrary,—I am deter
the case.————I need not tell your worshi
spoke in confidence.

CHAPTER XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriag
order to satisfy myself and reader, in a poin
clear'd up, before we could proceed any fu
tury—I had the good fortune to pop upon
wanted, before I had read a day and a half st
—it might have taken me up a month ; whi
ly, that when a man sits down to write a hi
but the history of Jack Hickathrift or T
knows no more than his heels what lets and
derances he is to meet with in his way,—or
may be led, by one excursion or another be
Could an historiographer drive on his histor
[redacted] on his mule————straight forwar
from Rome all the way to Loretto
rning his head aside, either to the r
—he *might* venture to foretel you t
get to *his* journey's end :—but the
s, *impossible* ; for, if he is a man

traight line to make
which he can nowise
eets to himself perpe-
no more help standing
ill moreover have va-

this door;
—All which, both the man
from. To sum up all; there
be look'd into, and rolls, re-
genealogies, which justice ever
ay the reading of: In short,
my own part, I declare I have
making all the speed I possibly
t born:——I have just been
you when it happen'd, but not
hing is yet far from being accom-

ages, which, I own, I had no con-
t out,—but which, I am convinced
e than diminish as I advance,——
which I am resolved to follow; and
a hurry,——but to go on leisurely,
two volumes of my life every year,
ffered to go on quietly, and can make
th my bookseller, I shall continue to do

CHAPTER XV.

THE article in my mother's marriage settlement, whi
told the reader I was at the pains to search for, and wl
now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before
—is so much more fully expressed in the deed itself,
ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to
it out of the lawyer's hand:—It is as follows:

"AND THIS INDENTURE FARTHER WITNI
"ETH, That the said Walter Shandy, merchant, in c
"deration of the said intended marriage, to be had, an
"God's blessing to be well and truly solemnized and
"summated between the said Walter Shandy and Eliza
"Mollineux, aforesaid, and divers other good and valu
"causes and considerations, him thereunto specially mo
"——doth grant, covenant, condescend, consent, cone
"bargain, and fully agree to and with John Dixon
"James Turner, Esqrs. the above-named trustees, &c
"——TO WIT,——That in case it should hereaf
"fall out, chance, happen, or otherwise come to pa
"——that the said Walter Shandy, merchant, shall h
"off business before the time or times, that the said
"beth Mollineux shall, according to the course of
"or otherwise, have left off bearing and bringing fo
"dren;——and that in consequence of the said Wal
"dy having so left off business, shall, in despite, an
"the free-will, consent, and good-liking of the said
"Mollineux,——make a departure from the ci
"don, in order to retire to, and dwell upon, h
"Shandy-Hall in the county of——, or at any
"try-seat, castle, hall, mansion-house, messuage
"house, now purchased, or hereafter to be p
"upon any part or parcel thereof:—That then,
"*as the said Elizabeth* Mollineux shall happen
"*with child or children*, severally and lawful
"*be begotten*, upon the body of the said Eliz

"during her said coverture,—he the said Walter Shandy "shall, at his own proper cost and charges, and out of his "own proper monies, upon good and reasonable notice, which "is hereby agreed to be within six weeks of her the said "Elizabeth Mollineux's full reckoning, or the time of sup- "posed and computed delivery,—pay, or cause to be paid, "the sum of one hundred and twenty pounds of good and "lawful money, to John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. "or assigns,————upon *trust* and confidence, and for and "unto the use and uses, intent, end, and purpose following: "——THAT IS TO SAY,——That the said sum of one "hundred and twenty pounds shall be paid into the hands of "the said Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwise applied by "them the said trustees, for the well and truly hiring of one "coach, with able and sufficient horses, to carry and convey "the body of the said Elizabeth Mollineux and the child "or children which she shall be then and there enceint "and pregnant with,—unto the city of London; and for the "farther paying and defraying all other incidental costs, "charges, and expenses whatsoever,—in and about, and for, "and relating to her said intended delivery and lying in, in "the said city, or suburbs thereof. And that the said Eliza- "beth Mollineux shall and may from time to time, and at all "such time and times as are here covenanted and agreed "upon,—peaceably and quietly hire the said coach and "horses, and have free ingress, egress and regress through- "out her journey, in and from the said coach, according to "the tenor, true intent, and meaning of these presents, "without any let, suit, trouble, disturbance, molestation, "discharge, hinderance, forfeiture, eviction, vexation, in- "terruption, or incumberance whatsoever.————And "that it shall moreover be lawful to and for the said Eliza- "beth Mollineux, from time to time, and as oft or often as "she shall well and truly be advanced in her said pregnancy "to the time heretofore stipulated and agreed upon,—to live "and reside in *such* place or places, and in such family or "*families, and with* such relations, friends, and other per- "*sons within the* said city of London, as she, at her own will "*and pleasure*, notwithstanding her present coverture, "

year to them the said John Dixon and James Turne
s, by him the said Walter Shandy, merchant, thereo
e; which said bargain and sale for a year, bears dat
lay next before the date of these presents, and by force
virtue of the statute for transferring of uses into pos
on,——All that the manor and lordship of Shandy, i
county of——with all the rights, members, and appur
nces thereof; and all and every the messuages, houses
dings, barns, stables, orchards, gardens, backsides, toft
ls, garths, cottages, lands, meadows, feedings, pasture
shes, commons, woods, underwoods, drains, fisheries
r, and water-courses,————together with all rent
rsions, services, annuities, fee-farms, knight's fee
rs of frank-pledge, escheats, reliefs, mines, quarries
ls and chattels of felons and fugitives, felons of them
es, and put in exigent, deodans, free warrens, and a
r royalties, and seigniories, rights and jurisdiction
lleges and hereditaments whatsoever.——AND AL
the advowson, donation, presentation and free disp
n of the rectory and parsonage of Shandy aforesa

"——that for every such instance, she should forfeit all t
"right and title which the covenant gave her to the ne
"turn;—but to no more,—and so on, toties quoties, in as eff
"tual a manner, as if such a covenant betwixt them h
"not been made."—This, by the way, was no more th
what was reasonable;—and yet as reasonable as it was,
have ever thought it hard that the whole weight of the ar
cle should have fallen entirely as it did, upon myself.

But I was begot and born to misfortunes;——for my po
mother, whether it was wind or water, or a compound
both,—or neither,——or whether it was simply the me
swell of imagination and fancy in her;—or how far a stro
wish and desire to have it so, might mislead her judgment
in short, whether she was deceived or deceiving in this matt
it no way becomes me to decide. The fact was this, that
the latter end of September 1717, which was the year bef
I was born, my mother having carried my father up to tov
much against the grain,—he peremptorily insisted upon t
clause;—so that I was doom'd by marriage articles, to ha
my nose squeez'd as flat to my face, as if the destinies h
actually spun me without one.

How this event came about,—and what a train of ve
tious disappointments, in one stage or other of my life, ha
pursued me from the mere loss, or rather compression
this one single member,—shall be laid before the reader
in due time.

CHAPTER XVI.

My father, as any body may naturally imagine, came do
with my mother into the country, in but a pettish kind o
humour. *The first* twenty or five and twenty miles h
nothing in the world but fret and teaze himself, and, i
my mother too, about the cursed expense, which

t every shilling of it have been saved; then, what would
more than every thing else, was the provoking time of
e year,—which as I told you, was towards the end of Septem-
er, when his wall fruit, and green gages especially, in which
he was very curious, were just ready for pulling:—"Had
"he been whistled up to London upon a Tom Fool's errand
"in any other month of the whole year, he should not have
"said three words about it."

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down,
but the heavy blow he had sustained from the loss of a son,
whom, it seems, he had fully reckoned upon in his mind,
and registered down in his pocket-book, as a second staff for
his old age, in case Bobby should fail him. "The disap-
"pointment of this, he said, was ten times more to a wise
"man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had cost
"him, put together—Rot the hundred and twenty pounds,
"—he did not mind it a rush."

From Stilton all the way to Grantham, nothing in the
whole affair provoked him so much as the condolences of
friends, and the foolish figure they should both make
church the first Sunday;—of which, in the satirical v
mence of his wit, now sharpened a little by vexation
would give so many humourous and provoking descri
—and place his rib and self in so many tormenting ligh
attitudes, in the face of the whole congregation,—
mother declared these two stages were so truly trag
that she did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath
end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had crossed the Tr
was out of all kind of patience at the vile tri
tion which he fancied my mother had put
affair—"Certainly," he would say to
ever again, "the woman could not be d
she could,—what weakness!"—Torme
led his imagination a thorny dance, an
played the deuce and all with him;
word weakness was uttered and stu
so sure it set him upon running
kinds of weaknesses there we

thing as weakness of the body,—as well as weakness of the mind,—and then he would do nothing but syllogize within himself for a stage or two together, how far the cause of all these vexations might, or might not have arisen out of himself.

In short, he had so many little subjects of disquietude springing out of this one affair, all fretting successively in his mind as they rose up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneasy journey of it down—In a word, as she complained to my uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any flesh alive.

CHAPTER XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you in none of the best moods,—pshaw-ing and pish-ing all the way down,—yet he had the complaisance to keep the worst part of the story still to himself;—which was the resolution he had taken, of doing himself the justice, which my uncle Toby's clause in the marriage settlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that she had the least intimation of his design——when my father, happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper,—took occasion, as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come,—to let her know that she must accommodate herself as well as she could to the bargain made between them in their marriage deeds; which was, to lie-in of her next child in the country, to balance the last year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues,—but he had a *strong spice of that in his* temper, which might or might *not add to the number*.——'Tis known by the name of *perseverance in a good* cause, and of obstinacy in a bad one

oint was that night agreed, or rather determined,
nother should lie-in of me in the country, she took
ures accordingly; for which purpose, when she was
s, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast
upon the midwife whom you have so often heard
an; and before the week was well got round, as the
Dr. Maningham was not to be had, she had come to
determination in her mind,——notwithstanding there
entifick operator within so near a call as eight miles
nd who, moreover, had expressly wrote a five shil-
ok upon the subject of midwifery, in which he had
, not only the blunders of the sisterhood itself,—
also superadded many curious improvements for the
r extraction of the fœtus in cross births, and some
ases of danger which delay us in getting into the
—notwithstanding all this, my mother, I say, was a
y determined to trust her life, and mine with it, in
old woman's only. Now this I

and the same greatness of soul; only, what lessened the honour of it somewhat, in my mother's case, was, that she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extreme as one in her situation might have wished, because the old midwife had really some little claim to be depended upon,—as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could fairly be attributed to her account.

These facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether satisfy some few scruples and uneasinesses which hung upon my father's spirits in relation to this choice. To say nothing of the natural workings of humanity and justice, or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as possible in a case of this kind,—he felt himself concerned in a particular manner, that all should go right in the present case,—from the accumulated sorrow he lay open to, should any evil befide his wife and child, in lying-in at Shandy-Hall. He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in such a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.—"Alas o'day!—had Mrs. Shandy, poor gentlewoman! "had but her wish in going up to town just to lie-in and "come down again,—which they say, she begged and prayed "for upon her bare knees,—and which, in my opinion, con-"sidering the fortune which Mr. Shandy got with her,—was "no such mighty matter to have complied with, the lady and "her babe might both of 'em have been alive at this hour."

This exclamation my father knew was unanswerable;—and yet it was not merely to shelter himself,—nor was it altogether for care of his offspring and wife, that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point; my father had extensive views of things,—and stood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the public good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-fated instance might be put to.

He was very sensible that all political writers upon the subject, had unanimously agreed and lamented, from

ning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time,
the current of men and money towards the metropolis
on one frivolous errand or another,—set in so strong,—
n to become dangerous to our civil rights; though by the
bye,—a current was not the image he took most delight in,—
a distemper was here his favourite metaphor; and he would
run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was
identically the same in the body national as in the body natu-
ral, where blood and spirits were driven up into the head,
faster than they could find their ways down: a stoppage of
circulation must ensue, which was death in both cases.
There was little danger, he would say, of losing our liber-
ties by French politics or French invasions;—nor was he
so much in pain of a consumption from the mass of corrupt
ed matter and ulcerated humours in our constitution,—but h
which he hoped was not so bad as it was imagined;—but b
verily feared, that in some violent push, we should go off,
at once, in a state-apoplexy—and then he would say, "
Lord have mercy upon us all.
My father was never able to give the history of thi
temper,—without the remedy along with it.
"Was I an absolute prince," he would say, pu
his breeches with both his hands, as he rose fro
chair, "I would appoint able judges at every av
"metropolis, who should take cognizance of
"business, who came there; and if, upon a
"hearing, it appeared not of weight sufficie
"own home, and come up, bag and bagg
"and children, farmers sons, &c. &c. at
"should be all sent back from constab
"vagrants, as they were, to the plac
"vagants. By this means, I shall tak
"polis tottered not through its ow
"be no longer too big for the bo
"now wasted and pined in, be
"of nourishment,—I would effe
"and beauty;—I would fill
"dows and corn-fields of
"sing;—that good che

" more ;—and that such weight and influence be put thereby " into the hands of the Squirality of my kingdom, as should " counterpoise what I perceive my nobility are now taking " from them.

" Why are there so few palaces and gentlemens seats," he would ask, with some emotion, as he walked across the room, " throughout so many delicious provinces in France? " Whence is it that the few remaining chateaus amongst " them are so dismantled,—so unfurnished, and in so ruinous " and desolate a condition? Because, sir, (he would say) in " that kingdom no man has any country interest to support ; " —the little interest of any kind, which any man has any " where in it, is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the " Grand Monarque ; by the sun-shine of whose countenance " or the clouds which pass across it, every Frenchman lives " or dies."

Another political reason which prompted my father so strongly to guard against the least evil accident in my mother's lying-in in the country,—was, That any such instance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker vessels of the gentry, in his own, or higher stations ;—which, with the many other usurped rights which that part of the constitution was hourly establishing,—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchical system of domestic government established in the first creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer's opinion. That the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern parts of the world, were originally all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this household and paternal power ;—which, for a century, he said, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government ;—the form of which, however desirable, in great combinations of the species,—was very troublesome in small ones,—and seldom produced any thing, that he saw, but sorrow and confusion.

For all these reasons, private and public, put together ;—*my father was for* having the man-midwife by all means,—*my mother by no means*. My father begged and entreate

eathen,—like a [illegible],
like a man:—My mother answered every [illegible]
a woman; which was a little hard upon her; for as
uld not assume and fight it out behind such a variety
racters,—'twas no fair match;——'twas seven to one.
What could my mother do?——She had the advantage
rwise she had been certainly overpowered) of a small
orcement of chagrin personal at the bottom, which bore
ıp, and enabled her to dispute the affair with my father,
so equal an advantage,——that both sides sung Te deum.
. word, my mother was to have the old woman,—and the
rator was to have license to drink a bottle of wine with
father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour
or which he was to be paid five guineas.
I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter
veat in the breast of my fair reader;—and it is this:—
ot to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarde
ord or two which I have dropped in it,—"that I am a m
ried man."——I own, the tender appellation of my d
ar Jenny————with some other strokes of cor
[illegible] interspersed here and there, might na
[illegible] indge in the wor

tend for, is the utter impossibility, for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands.——It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.——Consider,—I was born in the year eighteen. —Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend:—Friend!——My friend.—Surely, Madam, a friendship between the two sexes may subsist, and be supported without ——Fy! Mr. Shandy———without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious sentiment, which ever mixes in friendship, where there is a difference of sex. Let me entreat you, to study the pure and sentimental parts of the best French romances;——it will really, Madam, astonish you to see, with what a variety of chaste expression this delicious sentiment, which I have the honour to speak of, is dressed out.

CHAPTER XIX.

I WOULD sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good sense,———knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too, in philosophy,—wise also in political reasoning,——and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant,——could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, so out of the common track,——that I fear the reader, when I come to mention to him, if he is the least of a choleric temper, will immediately throw the book by;—if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it;——and if he is of a grave and saturine cast, he will, at first sight, absolutely condemn it as fanciful and extravagant; and that was in respect to the choice and imposition of christian names, on which he thought a great deal

ess,——nor had he [illegible]
the power of Necromancy in dishonoring his descent,
r on *Dulcinea's* name, in shedding lustre upon them,
y father had on those of *Trismegistus* or *Archimedes*,
one hand—or of *Nyky* and *Simkin* on the other.
many *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, he would say, by mere in-
on of the names, have been rendered worthy of them?
how many, he would add, are there, who might have
exceeding well in the world, had not their characters
pirits been totally depressed and *Nicodemus'd* into no-

se plainly, sir, by your looks, (or as the case happen'd)
ather would say,——that you do not heartily subscribe to
opinion of mine,——which to those, he would add, who
not carefully sifted it to the bottom,——I own has an
more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it; and——yet,
dear sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am
ally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to
——not as a party in the dispute,—but as a judge, and
sting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and can-
[illegible] education as most men

pared the name of your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?——O my God! he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, sir,—you are incapable of it;——you would have trampled upon the offer;——you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money which you show me in the whole transaction, is really noble;——and what renders it more so, is the principle of it;——the workings of a parent's love upon the truth and conviction of this very hypothesis, namely, that was your son called *Judas*,—the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him, in spite, sir, of your example.

I never knew a man able to answer this argument——But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was; he was certainly irresistible, both in his orations and disputations; he was born an orator;——Θεοδιδακτ@ι.——Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of logic and rhetoric were so blended up in him,—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent,—that *Nature* might have stood up and said,——"This man is eloquent." In fact, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, 'twas hazardous in either case to attack him: And 'tis strange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Ore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the ancients;——nor Vossius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Barnaby, amongst the moderns;——and, what is more thing, he had never, in his whole life, the least light or of subtilty struck into his mind, by one single letter Crakenthorp or Burgersdicius, or any Dutch logician mentator;—he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument ad ignorantiam, and an argument ad hominem consisted; so that I well remember, when he [illegible] along with me to enter my name at Jesus College it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy

; entered upon the footing of ...
, bagatelle; and, as such, he would make merry with
for half an hour or so, and having sharpened his wit
'em, dismiss them till another day.

ention this, not only as matter of hypothesis or conjec-
upon the progress and establishment of my father's
y odd opinions, but as a warning to the learned reader
ast the indiscreet reception of such guests, who, after a
and undisturbed entrance for some years, into our
ns, at length claim a kind of settlement there,——work-
sometimes like yeast,—but more generally after the
nner of the gentle passion, beginning in jest,—but end-
; in downright earnest.

Whether this was the case of the singularity of my father's
tions, or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe o
s wit; or how far, in many of his notions, he might, thoug
ld, be absolutely right;—— the reader, as he comes at ther
all decide. All that I maintain here, is, that, in this one,
e influence of Christian names, however it gained footi
e was serious;——he was all uniformity;——he was sy
... all systematic reasoners, he would ...

the case of a man's character, which, when wronged, might hereafter be cleared,——and, possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life at least after his death, be, somehow or other, set to rights with the world: But the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone;—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it:——He knew as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over surnames;——but, for very strong reasons which he could give, it had never yet adventured, he would say, to go a step farther.

It was observable, that though my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and dislikings towards certain names,—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely indifferent to him:—Jack, Dick, and Tom were of this class: These my father called neutral names;—affirming of them, without a satire that there had been as many knaves and fools, at least, as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently born them;——so that like equal forces acting against ch other in contrary directions, he thought they mutu- y destroyed each other's effects; for which reason, he uld often declare, He would not give a cherry-stone to ose amongst them. Bob, which was my brother's name, another of these neutral kinds of Christian names, which rated very little either way; and as my father happened e at Epsom when it was given him, he would often thank heaven it was no worse. Andrew was some- ; like a negative quantity in algebra with him:—'twas , he said, than nothing.—William stood pretty high:— pe again was low with him—and Nick, he said, was *evil*.

, of all the names in the universe, he had the most un- rable aversion for *Tristram*;—he had the lowest and ontemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world, g it could possibly produce nothing in rerum naturâ, it was extremely mean and pitiful: So that in the e *dispute* on the subject, in which, by the bye, he ently involved,——he would sometimes break off in

—*Tristram!* The thing is impossible.

hat could be wanting in my father, but to have wrote
ok to publish this notion of his to the world? Little boots
the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions,—
unless he gives them proper vent: —It was the identi-
thing which my father did;—or in the year sixteen,
ich was two years before I was born, he was at the pains
writing an express *Dissertation* simply upon the word
istram,—shewing the world, with great candor and mo
sty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.
When this story is compared with the title-page,—
'ill not the gentle reader pity my father from his soul?—
see an orderly and well-disposed gentleman, who, tho' ir
ular,—yet inoffensive in his notions,—so played upo
1 them by cross purposes;—to look down upon the stag
nd see him baffled and overthrown in all his little syster
nd wishes;—to behold a train of events perpetually falli
out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if th
ad purposely been planned and pointed out against hi
nerely to insult his speculations.—In a word, to beh
his old age, ill fitted for troubles, ten time
calling the

CHAPTER XX.

——————HOW could you, Madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, That my mother was not a papist.—Papist! You told me no such thing, sir. Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, That I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you such a thing.——Then, sir, I must have missed a page. No, Madam, you have not missed a word.————Then I was asleep, sir.——My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.——Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.————That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back that is, as soon as you get to the next full stop, and read the whole chapter over again.

I have imposed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonness or cruelty, but from the best of motives; and therefore, shall make her no apology for it when she returns back;—'Tis to rebuke a vicious taste which has crept into thousands besides herself,——of reading strait forwards, more in quest of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them.——— The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the younger, affirm, "That he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it." The stories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application,—do less service, I affirm it, than the history of Parismus and Parismenus, or of the seven Champions of England read with it.

————But here comes my fair lady. Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I desired you?—You *have: And did you not* observe the passage, upon the *second reading*, which admits the inference?——Not a word

swallowed up in the consideration ...
vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has go
rongly into our habit and humours;——and so wholly
it are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concu-
ence that way, that nothing but the gross and more car-
parts of a composition will go down:——The subtle hints
sly communication of science fly off, like spirits up-
rds;——the heavy moral escapes downwards; and both
one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they
re still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male reader has not passed by many a one, as
aint and curious as this one, in which the female reader
s been detected. I wish it may have its effects;—and tha
ll good people, both male and female, from her example
ay be taught to think, as well as read.

If the reader has the curiosity to see the question upo
aptism, by injection, as presented to the Doctors of t
Sorbonne,——with their consultation thereupon, it is as f
ows.

* The Romish Rituals direct the baptizing of the ch
... before it is born;——but upon
... child's body be

moire presente a Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne.

Chirurgien Accoucheur, represente a Messieurs les
eurs de Sorbonne, qu'il y a de cas, quoique tres rares,
e mere ne sçauroit accoucher, et meme ou l'enfant est
ent renferme dans le sein de sa mere, qu'il ne fait pa-
aucune partie de son corps, ce qui seroit un cas, sui-
es Rituels, de lui conferer, du moins sous condition, le
me. Le chirurgien, qui consulte, pretend par le moyen
petite canulle, de pouvoir baptiser immediatement
nt, sans faire aucun tort a la mere.————Il de-
si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis et
me, et s'il peut s'en servir dans le cas qu'il d'exposer.

REPONSE.

Conseil estime, que la question proposee souffre des
les difficultes. Les theologiens posent d'un cote pour
ipe que le bapteme, qui est une naissance spirituelle,
se une premiere naissance ; il faut etre né dans le
le, pour renaitre en Jesus Christ comme ils l'enseignent.
omas, 3. part. quest. 88. artic. 11. suit cette doctrine
e une verite constante ; l'on ne peut, dit ce, S. Doc-
baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermes dans le sein de
meres, et S. Thomas est fonde sur ce, que les enfans ne
point nes et ne peuvent etre comptes parmi les autres
nes : d'ou, il conclud, qu'ils ne peuvent etre l'objet
action exterieure, pour recevoir par leur ministere
ments necessaires au salut ; Pueri in maternis uteris
nondum prodierunt in lucem, ut cum aliis homini-
ucant, unde non possunt subjiciaciones humanae,
ministerium sacramenta recipiant ad salutem.
ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les theolo-

nement des [illegible]
. de convenance, et que la defense [illegible]
e l'on ne peut baptiser immediatement les enfans ainsi
nfermes dans le sein de leurs meres, ce qui est contre la
pposition presente ; et d'un autre cote considerant que les
emes theologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les m
remens que Jesus Christ a etablis comme des moyens fa
iles, mais necessaires pour sanctifier les hommes ; et d'ai
eurs estimans, que les enfans renfermes dans le sein de leu
meres, pourroient etre capables de salut, par ce qu'ils so
capables de damnation ——————pour ces consideration
et en egard a l'expose, suivant lequel on assure avoir trou
un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermes, s
faire aucun tort a la mere, le Conseil estime que l'on pour
se servir du moyen propose, dans la confiance qu'il a,
Dieu n'a point laisse ces sortes d'enfans sans aucuns secc
et supposant, comme il est expose, que le moyen dont il s
est propre a leur procurer le bapteme ; cependant comm
s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposee, de change
regle universellement etabli, le Conseil croit que celu
consulte doit s'addresser a son eveque, et a qui il appa
[illegible] du danger du moyen propose, et

trop d'attendre que la permission fut demandee et accordee d'employer le moyen qu'il propose si advantageux au salut de l'enfant. Au reste, le Conseil, en estimant, que l'on pourroit s'en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans dont il s'agit, repoient au monde, contre l'esperance de ceux qui seroient servis du meme moyen, il seroit necessaire de les baptiser sous condition, et en cela le Conseil se conforme a tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le bapteme d'un enfant qui fait paroitre quelque partie de son corps, enjoignent neanmoins, et ordonnent de le baptiser sous condition, s'il vient heureusement au monde. Delibere en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril, 1773.

A. Le Moyne,
L. De Romigny,
De Marcilly.

Mr. Tristram Shandy's compliments to Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, hopes they all rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation——He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptising of all the *Homunculi* at once, slap-dash, by injection, would not be a shorter and safer cut still; on condition, as above, That if the *Homunculi* do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptised again (sous condition;) and provided, in the second place, That the thing can be done, which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, par le moyen d'une petite canulle, and sans faire aucun tort a la mere.

sing himself, and [illegible]
Toby,——who, you must know, was sitting on the [illegible]
e side of the fire, smoking his social pipe all the time,
ute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches
h he had got on :—What can they be doing brother?
h my father,—we can scarce hear ourselves talk.
think, replied my uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his
ith, and striking the head of it two or three times upon
nail of his left thumb as he began his sentence——I think,
a he ;——But to enter rightly into my uncle Toby's
timents upon this matter, you must be made to enter first
ittle into his character, the outlines of which I shall just
ve you, and then the dialogues between him and my father
ill go on as well again.
——Pray what was that man's name,——for I write i
uch a hurry, I have no time to recollect or look for it,—
who first made the observation, "That there was great i
onstancy in our air and climate?" Whoever he was, 'tw
a just and good observation in him——But the corolla
drawn from it, namely, "That it is this which has furni
[illegible] with such a variety of odd and whimsical character
[illegible] was found out by another

world in one or two of his spectators;——but the discovery was not his.——Then, fourthly and lastly, that this strange irregularity in our climate, producing so strange an irregularity in our characters,——doth thereby, in some sort, make us amends, by giving us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not suffer us to go out of doors,—that observation is my own;—and was struck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus,—thus, my fellow laborers and associates in this great harvest of our learning now ripening before our eyes; thus it is by slow steps of casual increase, that our knowledge, physical, metaphysical, physiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, enigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obstetrical, with fifty other branches of it, (most of 'em ending as these do in ical,) have, for these two last centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that Ἄκμη of their perfections, from which if we may form a conjecture from the advances of these last seven years, we cannot possibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped, it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever;—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading;—and that, in time, as war begets poverty, poverty peace,——must, in course put an end to all kind of knowledge,—and then—we shall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we started.

——Happy! thrice happy times! I only wish that the era of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered, or that it could have been put off with any ease to my father or mother, for some twenty or five and twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance.

But I forget my uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the ashes out of his tobacco pipe.

His humor was of that particular species, which does honor to our *atmosphere; and I* should have made no scruple of *ranking him amongst one* of the first-rate productions of it, *had there not appeared* too many strong lines in it of a far-

ly . . . .

er throughout,——I mean the males ;—the females

character at all,—except. indeed, my great aunt

, who, about sixty years ago, was married and got

hild by the coachman, for which my father, according

hypothesis of Christian names, would often say, She

thank her godfathers and godmothers.

would seem very strange,——and I would as soon think

opping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my

st to do, as set him upon guessing how it could come

ss, that an event of this kind, so many years after it

happened, should be reserved for the interruption of the

e and unity which otherwise so cordially subsisted be-

n my father and my uncle Toby. One would have

ght, that the whole force of the misfortune should have

t and wasted itself in the family at first, as is generally

case :——But nothing ever wrought with our family

r the ordinary way. Possibly at the very time this hap-

ed, it might have something else to afflict it ; and as af-

ions are sent down for our good, and that as this had

er done the *Shandy Family* any good at all, it might lie

. . . . . . and circumstances should give it an o

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus reserved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itself, so as to become the cause of dissatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactness, and is as follows:

My uncle *Toby Shandy*, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honor and rectitude, possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature;——tho' I correct the word nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudge a point which must shortly come to a hearing; and that is, whether this modesty of his was natural or acquired——Which ever way my uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them,—but to things:—and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman,—that female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very source;—that he had spent a great part of his time in converse with your sex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which such fair examples render irresistible,——he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wish I could say so,—for unless it was with his sister-in-law, my father's wife and my mother,—my uncle Toby scarce exchanged three words with the sex in as many years;——no, he got it, Madam, by a blow. A blow! Yes, Madam, it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of Namur, which struck full upon my uncle Toby's groin.——Which *way could that effect it?* The story of that, Madam, is long, *and interesting;*—but it would be running my history all *upon heaps to give it to you here.*—'Tis for an episode here

an, that he could never bear to ...
nah touched upon, but with the greatest emotion,—
ast hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into
';—but when my father enlarged upon the story in
companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis
itly obliged him to do,—the unfortunate blight of one
fairest branches of the family, would set my uncle
honor and modesty a bleeding, and he would often
ay father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to
ulate and tell him, he would give him any thing in the
only to let the story rest.

father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness
y uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards ano-
and would have done any thing in nature, which one
er in reason could have desired of another, to have
: my uncle Toby's heart easy, in this or any other
t. But this lay out of his power.

— My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain,—
ulative,—systematical;—and my aunt Dinah's affair was a
er of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation
... to Copernicus: The backslidings of Venus in
... called so after his

my uncle Toby, as he went along, Amicus Plato; Amicus was my aunt; sed magis amica veritas—but my sister.

antrariety of humors betwixt my father and my s the source of many a fraternal squabble. The l not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace re- and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to thout some hint of it.

d's sake, my uncle Toby would cry,—and for my for all our sakes, my dear brother Shandy,—do let of our aunt's and her ashes sleep in peace;—how how can you have so little feeling and compassion aracter of our family?——What is the character of to an hypothesis? my father would reply.——Nay, me to that—what is the life of a family?——The family!—my uncle Toby would say, throwing him- in his arm-chair and lifting up his hands, his eyes, leg.——Yes, the life,—my father would say, main- is point. How many thousands of them are there, ir that comes, cast away (in all civilized countries -and considered as nothing but common air, in on of an hypothesis? In my plain sense of things, : Toby would answer,—every such instance is down- *ander*, let who will commit it. There lies your my fa her would reply:—for in Foro Scientiæ there thing as *Murder*,—'tis only *Death*, brother.

cle Toby would never offer to answer this by any d of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen Lillabullero.——You must know it was the usual through which his passions got vent, when any ocked or surprized him;—but especially when any ich he deemed very absurd, was offered.

one of our logical writers, nor any of the commen- on them, that I remember, have thought proper to me to this particular species of argument,—I here liberty to do it myself, for two reasons. First, That to *prevent all* confusion in disputes, it may stand as *inguished for* ever, from every other species of ar- as *the* Argumentum ad Verecundiam, ex Absurd

hey may add, if they please, to one of the [illegible]

o.

herefore, by these presents, strictly order and com-
hat it be known and distinguished by the name and
he Argumentum Fistulatorium, and no other; and
ank hereafter with the Argumentum Baculinum,
Argumentum ad Crumenam, and forever hereafter
ed of in the same chapter.

r the Argumentum Tripodium, which is never used
he woman against the man;—and the Argumentum
n, which contrarywise, is made use of by the man
ainst the woman:—As these two are enough in con-
for one lecture;—and, moreover, as the one is the
swer to the other,—let them likewise be kept apart,
treated of in a place by themselves.

CHAPTER XXII.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of a fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out; I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as, in all my digressions (one only excepted) there is a master stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader,—not for want of penetration in him, but because 'tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression; and it is this: That tho' my digressions are all fair, as you observe,—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far and as often too as any writer in Great-Britain; yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example to have given you the great outlines of my uncle Toby's most whimsical character; when my aunt Dinah and the coachman came across us, and led us a vagarysome millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: Notwithstanding all this, you perceive, that the drawing of my uncle Toby's character went on gently all the time;—not the great contours of it,—that was impossible,—but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touched in, as we went along, so that you are much better acquainted with my uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which were thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too,—and at the same time.

This, sir, is a very different story from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progress in her eLiptic orbit, which brings about the year, and constitutes that variety and vicissitude of seasons we enjoy; ——*though I own it suggested* the thought,——as I believe

the greatest of our boasted improvements and discoveries have come from some such trifling hints.

Digressions, incontestibly, are the sunshine,—they are the life, the soul of reading:——take them out of this book, for instance,——you might as well take the book along with them; one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it: Restore them to the writer,——he steps forth, like a bridegroom,——bids All hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, so as to be not only for the advantage of the reader but also of the author, whose distress in this matter is truly pitiable: For if he begins a digression,——from that moment I observe, his whole work stands stock-still;——and, if he goes on with his main work,—then there is an end of his digression.

———This is vile work———For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such intersections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going;——and what more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it please the fountain of health to bless me so long with life and spirits.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE a strong propensity in me to begin this very nonsensically, and I will not balk my fancy accordingly I set off thus.——

If the fixture of Momus's glass in the human *cording to the* proposed emendation of that arch *taken place*,——first, This foolish consequence *ly have followed*,——That the very wisest and

vest of us all, in one coin or other, must have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And secondly, That had the said glass been there set up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone softly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in, view'd the soul stark-naked;—observed all her motions,—her machinations;——traced all her maggots, from their first engendering to their crawling forth,——watched her loose in her frisks, her gambols, her caprices; and, after some notice of her more solemn deportment, consequent upon such frisks, &c.——then taken your pen and ink, and set down nothing but what you had seen, and could have sworn to:——But this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet;—in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be so, if not, better still for him;——for there the intense heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from its vicinity to the sun, to be more than equal to that of redhot iron,——must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the effecient cause), to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause); so that betwixt them both, all the tenements of their souls, from top to bottom, may be nothing else, for ought the soundest philosophy can show to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot);—so that till the inhabitants grow old, and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing thro' them, become so monstrously refracted—or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be seen thro';——his soul might as well, unless, for more ceremony,—or the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her,—might upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o' doors as in her own house.

But this, as I said above, is not the case of the inhabitants of this earth;—our minds shine not through the body, but are *wrapt up* here in a dark covering of unerystalized flesh *and blood; so that if we would come to the specific characters of them,* we must go some other way to work.

Many, in good truth, are the ways which human wit ha been forced to take to do this thing with exactness.

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind in struments——Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair o Dido and Æneas;—but it is as fallacious as the breath o fame,——and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematic exactness of their designations of one particular sort of ch racter among them, from the forte or piano of a certain win instrument they use,—which they say is infallible——I dar not mention the name of the instrument in this place;— 'tis sufficient we have it amongst us,——but never think o making a drawing by it;——this is enigmatical, and inten ded to be so, at least, ad populum:———And therefore, beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as fa as you can, and never stop to make any inquiry about it.

There are others again, who will draw a man's characte from no other helps in the world, but merely from his ev cuations;———but this often gives a very incorrect outlin ——unless, indeed, you take a sketch of his repletions too and, by correcting one drawing from the other, compou one good figure out of them both.

I should have no objection to this method, but that I th it must smell too strong of the lamp,—and be rendered more operose, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest o Non-Naturals.———Why the most natural actions man's life should be called his Non-Naturals,——is an question.

There are others, fourthly, who disdain every one of expedients;—not from any fertility of their own, bu the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowe the honorable devices which the Pentagraphic brethr the brush have shown in taking copies——These, y know, are your great historians.

One of these you will see drawing a full length o

* *Pentagraph*, an instrument to copy prints or *mechanically*, and in any proportion.

against the light:——That's illiberal,—dishonest,—and hard upon the character of the man who sits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the camera; that is most unfair of all,—because, there you are sure to be represented in some of your most ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of these errors, in giving you my uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever;—nor shall my pencil be guided by any one wind instrument which ever was blown upon, either on this, or on the other side of the Alps; nor will I consider either his repletions or his discharges,—or touch upon his Non-Naturals;—but, in a word, I will draw my uncle Toby's character from his *Hobby-Horse*.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IF I was not morally sure that the reader must be out of all patience for my uncle Toby's character,—I would here previously have convinced him, that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have pitch'd upon.

A man and his *Hobby-Horse*, tho' I cannot say that they act and re-act exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other; yet, doubtless, there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies; and that, by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the *Hobby-Horse*,—by long journies, and much friction, it *so happens*, that the body of the rider is at length fill'd *so full of Hobby-Horsical* matter as it can hold;—so that if *you are able to* give but a clear description of the nature

the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the geniu and character of the other.

Now, the *Hobby-Horse* which my uncle Toby always rod upon, was, in my opinion an *Hobby-Horse* well worth givin a description of, if it was only upon the score of his grea singularity; for you might have travelled from York to De ver,—from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall,—and from Pen zance to York back again, and not have seen such anothe upon the road; or, if you had seen such a one, whateve haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stoppe to have taken a view of him. Indeed, the gate and figur of him was so strange, and so utterly unlike was he, fro his head to his tail, to any one of the whole species, that was now and then made a matter of dispute,—whether h was really a *Hobby-Horse* or no:—But as the philosophe would use no other argument to the sceptic, who dispute with him against the reality of motion, save that of rising u upon his legs, and walking across the room;—so would m uncle Toby use no other argument to prove his *Hobby-Hor* was a *Hobby-Horse* indeed, but by getting upon his back, an riding him about;—leaving the world, after that, to dete mine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my uncle Toby mounted him with so muc pleasure, and he carried my uncle Toby so well,—that h troubled his head very little with what the world either sai or thought about it.

It is now, high time, however, that I give you a descri tion of him:—But to go on regularly, I only beg you will giv me leave to acquaint you first, how my uncle Toby came b him.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE wound in my uncle Toby's groin, which he rec
t the siege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the servi
ras thought expedient he should return to England
rder, if possible, to be set to rights.

He was four years totally confined,—part of it to his b
nd all of it to his room; and in the course of his cure, whi
was all that time in hand, suffered unspeakable miseries,—
wing to a succession of exfoliations from the os pubis, an
he outward edge of that part of the coxendix called the
lium,—both which bones were dismally crush'd, as much b
he irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke of
he parapet,—as by its size,——(though it was pretty large)
hich inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great
jury which it had done my uncle Toby's groin, was more
ing to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile,
ce of it,—which he would often tell him, was a great hap-
ss.

y father, at that time, was just beginning business in
don, and had taken a house;——and as the truest friend-
and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers,——
hat my father thought my uncle Toby could no where
well nursed and taken care of as in his own house,—
ign'd him the very best apartment in it——And, what
much more sincere mark of his affection still, he would
suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the
n any occasion, but he would take him by the hand,
l him up stairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an
his bed side.

istory of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it,—
's visitors at least thought so, and, in their daily calls
, from the courtesy arising out of that belief, they
quently turn the discourse to that subject,——and
ubject the discourse would generally roll on to O

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which, for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and, if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I verily believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What these perplexities of my uncle Toby were,—'tis impossible for you to guess;—if you could,—I should blush not as a relation, not as a man,—nor even as a woman,—but I should blush as an author; inasmuch, as I set no small store by myself, upon this very account, that my readers have never yet been able to guess at any thing. And in this, since I am of so nice and singular a humor, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page,—I would tear it out of my book.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

I HAVE begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my uncle Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King William's wars,—but if he has not,———I then inform him, that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced countrescarp, before the gate of St. Nicolas, which enclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St. Roch: The issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this, That the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard,—and that the English made themselves masters of the covered way before St. *Nicolas's gate*, notwithstanding the gallantry of the *French officers*, who exposed themselves upon the glacis *sword in hand*.

e differences and distinctions between the scarp an
r-scarp,——the glacis and covered way,——the ha
d ravelin—as to make the company fully com
here and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these
so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeav
plain them, and in opposition to many misconc
at my uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visito
metimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my fat
p stairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my unc
as in one of his best explanatory moods, 'twas a c
ing, do what he could, to keep the discourse fre
ecurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the mo
te to my uncle Toby, was this,—that in the attack
unterscarp before the gate of St. Nicolas, extendin
om the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great wat
the ground was cut and cross cut, with such a m
dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides,

men —yet, any one may imagine, that, when he could not retreat out of the ravelin, without getting into the half-moon, or get out of the covered way without falling down the counter-scarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly:——He did so——and these little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates, yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James M'Kenzie, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion——(Why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

——My uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it—'twas enough he felt it was so,——and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved, someway or other, to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lie in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortifications of the town and citadel of Namur, with its environs, it might be a means of giving him ease————I take notice of his desire to have the environs, along with the town and citadel, for this reason,——because my uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the sallient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch;——so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing in when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes, and not only freed him from a world of sad explanations, but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my uncle Toby *his Hobby-Horse*.

so badly, as to let your critics and gentry of refin
it down: Nor is there any thing so likely to mal
it, as that of leaving them out of the party, or,
as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon
your guests in so particular a way, as if there w
thing as a critic (by occupation) at table.

———I guard against both; for, in the first pl
left half a dozen places purposely open for then
the next place, I pay them all court,———Gentle
your hands,——I protest no company could giv
the pleasure,—by my soul I am glad to see you,—
you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit d
out any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon t
carrying my complaisance so far as to have left
open for them,—and in this very spot I stand on;—
old by a critic, (tho' not by occupation,—but b
that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall
directly, hoping in the mean time, that I shall
make a great deal of more room next year.

had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the Lillabullero,—as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given;—yet it would by no means have done for me. You see as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition;——that even my similies, my allusions, my illustrations, my metaphors, are erudite,——and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly too,—else what would become of me? Why, sir, I should be undone;—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critic, I should have made an opening for a couple.

———Therefore, I answer thus:

Pray, sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding?—Don't answer me rashly,——because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it,——and many have read it who understand it not:—If either of these is your case, as, I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is. It is a history. A history! of whom? what? where? when? Don't hurry yourself.—It is a history book, sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more, believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysic circle.

But this by the way.

Now, if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found, that the cause of obscurity and confusion in the mind of man, is threefold.

Dull organs, dear sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by objects, when the said organs are not dull. And, thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received.———Call down Dolly your chambermaid, and I will give you my cap, and bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain, that Dolly herself shall understand it as well as Malbranch.——When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket, hanging by her right side, to take that opportunity to recollect, that the organs and fac-

d impulse which was want to impress ...
y's wax, for want of better, is bee's-wax, or of a tem-
soft,—tho' it may receive,—it will not hold the im-
, how hard soever Dolly thrust against it; and last
supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but
thereto in careless haste, as her mistress rings the
in any one of these three cases, the print, left by the
e, will be as unlike the prototype as a brass jack.
you must understand, that not one of these was the
ause of the confusion in my uncle Toby's discourse;
is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long,
he manner of great physiologists,——to show the world
it did not arise from.
at it did arise from, I have hinted above; and a fertile
e of obscurity is it,—and ever will be,—and that is the
ady uses of words, which have perplexed the clearest
most exalted understandings.
is ten to one, (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read
literary histories of past ages;——if you have,——What
ible battles yelp'd logomachies, have they occasioned and
... with so much gall and ink-shed, that a good na-

u considerest this thou wilt not wonder at
perplexities,—thou wilt drop a tear of pity
d his counterscarp;——his glacis and his
is ravelin and his half-moon: 'Twas not by
! his life was put in jeopardy by words.

CHAPTER III.

cle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind,
ately to apply himself, and with the utmost
tudy of it; for, nothing being of more im-
ham his recovery, and his recovery depend-
read, upon the passions and affections of
ed him to take the nicest care to make him-
er of his subject, as to be able to talk upon
n.

close and painful application, which, by
ncle Toby's wound upon his groin no good,
by the help of some marginal documents at
elephant, together with Gobesius's military
pyroballogy, translated from the Flemish,
ıse with passable perspicuity: and, before
onths gone,——he was right eloquent upon
e not only the attack of the advanced coun-
at order;——but having, by that time, gone
o the art, than what his first motive made
uncle Toby was able to cross the Maes and
liversions as far as Vauban's line, the abbey
and gave his visitors as distinct a history of
cks, as of that of the gate of St. Nicolas,
honor to receive his wound.

f knowledge, like the thirst of riches, in-
the acquisition of it. The more my uncle
his map, the more he took a liking to it!

——by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I tol
you, thro' which I ween the souls of connoisseurs them
selves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happines
at length, to get all be-virtued,——be-pictured,—be-butte
flied, and be-fiddled.

The more my uncle Toby drank of this sweet fountain
science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirs
so that, before the first year of his confinement had we
gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in Italy
Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not pr
cured a plan, reading over as he got them, and carefully co
lating therewith the histories of their sieges, their demolition
their improvements and new works; all which he would rea
with that intense application and delight, that he would fo
get himself, his wound, his confinement, his dinner.

In the second year my uncle Toby purchased Ramelli an
Cataneo, translated from the Italian;——likewise Stevinu
Marolis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Coehorn, Sheete
the Count de Pagan, the Marshal Vauban, Mons. Blonde
with almost as many more books of military architecture,
Don Quixotte was found to have of chivalry, when the cura
and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was
August ninety-nine, my uncle Toby found it necessary
understand a little of projectiles:——And having judged
best to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head, he begg
with N. Tartaglia, who, it seems, was the first man wh
detected the imposition of a cannon-ball's doing all that mi
chief under the notion of a right line. This, N. Tartagl
proved to my uncle Toby to be an impossible thing.

——Endless is the search of truth!——

No sooner was my uncle Toby satisfied which road the ca
non-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and
solved in his mind to inquire and find out which roa
ball did go: For which purpose, he was obliged to
afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly.—He
seeded next to Galileo and Torricellius, wherein, by
geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found
path to be a Parabola,—or else an *Hyperbola*,—a

parameter, or latus rectum, of the conic section of the
path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio
the whole line to the sine of double the angle of inciden
formed by the breech upon an horizontal plane;—and th
the semi-parameter—Stop! my dear uncle Toby,—stop!—s
not one foot further into this thorny and bewildered track
—intricate are the steps; intricate are the mazes of thi
labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this
bewitching phantom, *Knowledge*, will bring upon thee. O
my uncle! fly—fly—fly from it as from a serpent.———Is
it fit, good-natured man! thou should'st sit up with the
wound upon thy groin, whole nights, baking thy blood with
heetic watchings?———Alas! 'twill exasperate thy
rams,—check thy perspirations,—evaporate thy spirits,—
waste thy animal strength, dry up thy radical moisture,—
bring thee into a costive habit of body,—impair thy health,—
and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age. O my uncle!
my uncle Toby!

CHAPTER IV.

WOULD not give a groat for that man's knowledge in
craft, who does not understand this,——that the best
narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last
ted apostrophe to my uncle Toby,—would have felt both
and vapid upon the reader's palate; therefore, I forth-
put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle
y story.

'riters of my stamp have one principle in common
sinners.—Where an exact copying makes our pictures
liking, we choose the less evil; deeming it even more
able to trespass against truth than beauty.—This is to
mood cum grano salis; but be it as it will,—as the
made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe

L. I.

cool, than any thing else,—'tis not very material whetl upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year, my uncle Toby, p ceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the cu section, angered his wound, he left off the study of proj tiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practi part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled fure

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in up the daily regularity of a clean shirt,—to dismiss his barb unshaven,—and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient dress his wound, concerning himself so little about it, as n to ask him once in seven times dressing, how it went o When, lo!—all of a sudden, for the change was as quick lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery,—co plained to my father,—grew impatient with the surgeon; and one morning as he heard his foot coming up stairs, shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in ord to expostulate with him upon the protraction of his cu which he told him, might surely have been accomplished, least by that time:——He dwelt long upon the miseri he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melu choly imprisonment, adding, that had it not been for t kind looks, and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.——My ther was by: My uncle Toby's eloquence brought tears i his eyes,—'twas unexpected.——My uncle Toby, by nat was not eloquent;—it had the greater effect.——The surg was confounded:—not that there wanted grounds for i or greater marks of impatience,—but 'twas unexpected In the four years he had attended him, he had never any thing like it in my uncle Toby's carriage;—he had once dropped one fretful or discontented word;——h been all patience,—all submission.

——We lose the right of complaining sometii forbearing it;—but we oftener treble the force:——T *geon was astonished*;—but much more so, when h *my uncle* Toby go on, and peremptorily insist upon

ing up the wound directly,—or sending for Mons. Ronjat, the King's Sarjeant-Surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man's nature; —the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister passion to it: These my uncle Toby had in common with his species;—and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well and out of doors; but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family, after the common way;—and from the time and manner in which this eager desire showed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my uncle Toby's head:——There was so; and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to set forth what that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my uncle Toby, in the middle of his sentence.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion,—or in other words, when his *Hobby-Horse* grows headstrong,——farewel cool reason and fair discretion.

My uncle Toby's wound was near well; and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprise, and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there were no signs of,——it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many olympiads, twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my uncle Toby's mind.——The succession of his ideas was now rapid,—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution;——and so, without consulting further with any soul living,——which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are pretty determined to take no one soul's advice,——he privately order

embarked for Shandy-Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise of this sudden demigratio was as follows:

The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which, t night before this change happened, he was sitting with l maps, &c. about him,——being somewhat of the smalle for that infinity of great and small instruments of kno ledge which usually lay crowded upon it;——he had the a cident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw dov his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses u with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments a snuffers;—and as the dice took a run against him, in his e deavoring to catch the snuffers in falling,—he thrust Mo sieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my uncle Tol was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself,—l rung his bell for his man Trim;—Trim, quoth my unc Toby, prithee, see what confusion I have here been makin I must have some better contrivance,—Trim.—Can'st not th

ment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landen, which was two years before the affair of Namur; ——and as the fellow was well-beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my uncle Toby took him for his servant; and of excellent use was he, attending my uncle Toby in the camp and in his quarters, as valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and indeed, from first to last, waited upon him, and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My uncle Toby loved the man in return; and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge:——For Corporal Trim, (for so, for the future, I shall call him), by four years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained *Hobby Horsically*, as a body servant, Non Hobby Horsical per se,—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chambermaid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character,—and it is the only dark line in it. The fellow loved to advise,—or rather to hear himself talk; his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going,—you had no hold of him;——he was voluble——the eternal interlardings of *your Honour*, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution,—that tho' you might have been incommoded,—you could not well be angry. My uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him,————or, at least, this fault in Trim broke no squares with 'em. My uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man;——and, besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant—but as an humble friend,—he *could not* bear to stop his mouth. Such was Corporal Trim

If I durst presume, continued Trim, to give your hono

eg, a little forwards,—— ——

pen towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned

t the hangings,——I think, quoth Corporal Trim, with

le submission to your honour's better judgment,—that

ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but

r, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here

paper, compared to what your honour and I could

e of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had

a rood, or a rood and a half of ground to do what we

sed with: As summer is coming on, continued Trim,

honour might sit out of doors, and give me the nography

all it ichnography, quoth my uncle)—of the town or

lel, your honour was pleased to sit down before,—and I

be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not

ify it to your honour's mind. I dare say thou would'st

im, quoth my uncle. For if your honour, continued th

rporal, could but mark me the polygon, with its exac

s and angles,—That I could do very well, quoth my un

—I would begin with the fosse, and if your honour coul

ll me the proper depth and breadth,——I can to a hair

dth. Trim, replied my uncle,—I would throw out t

for the scarp,—

they are, Trim, in some respects,—quoth my uncle Toby, nodding his head;——for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fosse, (as was the case at St. Nicolas's gate) and facilitate the passage over it.

Your honour understands these matters, replied Corporal Trim, better than any officer in his Majesty's service;—— but would your honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tansy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and pallisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.

My uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet, as Trim went on;——but it was not a blush of guilt,—of modesty,—or of anger;——it was a blush of joy;————he was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description————Trim! said my uncle Toby, thou hast said enough.——We might begin the campaign, continued Trim, on the very day that his Majesty and the allies take the field, and demolish 'em town by town as fast as————Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, say no more.————Your honour, continued Trim, might sit in your arm-chair, (pointing to it) this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would————Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby————Besides, your honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime,——but good air, and good exercise, and good health, and your honour's wound would be well in a month. Thou hast said enough, Trim, —quoth my uncle Toby, (putting his hand into his breeches-pocket)—I like thy project mightily;—And if your honour pleases, I'll this moment, go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel, and a pick-axe, and a couple of——Say no more, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaping upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture, ——and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand——Trim, said my uncle Toby, say no more,—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper;—to no purpose,——Trim's plan of operation ran so in my u

's head, he could not taste it—[illegible]
get me to bed;—was all one,—Corporal [illegible] uncle Toby
on had fired his imagination,—my
not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the
e bewitching the scene appeared to him;—so that two
d hours before day-light, he had come to a final determina-
on, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal
Trim's decampment.

My uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own,
in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which
had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of
about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and
contiguous to it, was a kitchen garden of about half an acre;
—and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a
tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing, for
as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for;—so that as
Trim uttered the words, "A rood and an half of ground to
do what they would with,"—this identical bowling-green im-
mantly presented itself, and became curiously painted, all
at once, upon the retina of my uncle Toby's fancy,—which
was the physical cause of making him change color, or at
least,—of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I
spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more
heat and expectation, than my uncle Toby did, to enjoy
self-same thing in private;—I say in private;—for it
sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-h
and was covered on the other three sides from mortal
by rough holly and thicket flowering shrubs;—so
idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to
of pleasure preconceived in my uncle Toby's mind
thought! however thick it was planted about,—
soever it might seem,—think, dear uncle
joying a thing which took up a whole rood
ground,—and not have it known!

How my uncle Toby and Corporal Trim
matter,—with the history of their campa
no way barren of events,—may make no

der-plot in the epitasis and working up of this drama:——At present the scene must drop, and change for the parlour fire-side.

CHAPTER VI.

——————WHAT can they be doing, brother? said my father.——————I think, replied my uncle Toby,—taking as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his sentence;——I think, replied he,—it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.

Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?—quoth my father;—my brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.

Sir, answered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left shoulder,——my mistress is taken very badly——And there's Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her.——Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town, replied Obadiah, to fetch the old midwife.——Then saddle a horse, quoth my father, and do you go directly for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife, with all our services,—and let him know your mistress has fallen in labor,——and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.

It is very strange, says my father, addressing himself to my uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door,——as there is so expert an operator as Dr. Slop so near—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humor of hers, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman;—and not only the life of my child, brother,—but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.

Mayhap, brother, replied my uncle Toby, my sister does it to save the expense:—A pudding's end,—replied my

for his advantage ...

I have added no *One Word* which would have ...

, on the contrary, my uncle Toby had not fully arrive
is period's end,—then the world stands indebted to th
len snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of th
test examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, whic
toricians style the Aposiopesis.——Just heaven! how doe
Poco piu and the Poco meno of the Italian artists;——
insensible, more or less determine the precise line
auty in the sentence as well as in the statue! How do th
ght touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddl
ck, et cætera, give the true swell, which give the tr
easure!———O my countrymen!———be nice; be e
ous of your language;———and never, O! never let it
rgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and yo
ame depend.

———"My sister, mayhap, quoth my uncle Toby, d
not choose to let a man come so near her ****." M
his dash,——'tis an Aposiopesis———Take the dash aw
write Backside,———'tis bawdy———Scratch Back
'tis a metaphor; and, I

CHAPTER VII.

THO' my father was a good natural philosopher, yet—was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reas when his tobacco-pipe snapp'd short in the middle,—he h nothing to do—as such—but to have taken hold of the tw pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fir ——He did no such thing;—he threw them with all the vio lence in the world;—and, to give action still the more empha sis,—he started up upon both his legs to do it.

This look'd something like heat;—and the manner of his reply to what my uncle Toby was saying, proved it was so.

——"Not choose," quoth my father, (repeating my uncle Toby's words) "to let a man come so near her!—By hea ven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of a Job; nd I think I have the plagues of one already, without it—— hy?—Where?—Wherein?—Wherefore?—Upon what ac unt? replied my uncle Toby, in the utmost astonishment. think, said my father, of a man living to your age, bro , and knowing so little about women!—I know nothing l about them,—replied my uncle Toby; and I think, nued he, that the shock I received the year after the lition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman, shock, you know, I should not have received, but uy total ignorance of the sex, has given me just cause That I neither know, nor do pretend to know, any bout 'em, or their concerns either. Methinks, bro plied my father, you might at least know so much ght end of a woman from the wrong.

id in Aristotle's Master-Piece, "That when a man nk of any thing which is past,—he looketh down e ground;—but that when he thinketh of wome hich is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens." e Toby, I suppose, thought of neither;—for h ntally.——Right end, quoth my uncle Tob e two words low to himself, and fixing his

e to find it out.

:n, brother Toby, replied my father, I will tell you

:ry thing in this world, continued my father, (filling a pipe)—every thing in this earthly world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles.—Not always quoth my uncle

.

least, replied my father, every one has two hands,—h comes to the same thing.—Now, if a man was to sit 1 coolly, and consider within himself the make, the e, the construction, come-at-ability, and convenience of he parts which constitute the whole of that animal, call'd man, and compare them analogically——I never under- d rightly the meaning of that word, quoth my uncle To

Analogy, replied my father, is the certain relation and eement, which different—Here a devil of a rap at th r snapped my father's definition (like his tobacco-pipe two,—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notabl d curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in th mb of speculation;—it was some months before my fathe uld get an opportunity to be safely deliver'd of it:—An this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subje

[illegible] the confusion f

CHAPTER VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half's tolerable good reading since my uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was order'd to saddle a horse, and go for Dr. Slop, the man-midwife;——so that no one can say with reason, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come;—tho' morally and truly speaking, the man perhaps, has scarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hypercritic will go upon this, and is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell and the rap at the door;——and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds and three-fifths,——should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity, or rather probability, of time,——I would remind him, that the idea of duration and of its simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas,—and is the true scholastic pendulum,——and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter,—abjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore desire him to consider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Dr. Slop the man-midwife's house;——and that whilst Obadiah has been going the said miles and back, I have brought my uncle Toby from Namur, quite across all Flanders into England:—That I have had him ill upon my hands near four years;—and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim, in a chariot and four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkshire;——all which put together, must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Dr. Slop upon the stage,——as much, at least, (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a *concerto* between the acts.

If my hypercritic is intractable,——alleging, that two *minutes* and *thirteen seconds*, are no more than two minutes

nd at the last, when he did stop his beast, 'twas done with uch an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have een a league off. In short, never was a doctor Slop so beuted, and so transubstantiated, since that affair came into ashion.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Dr. Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father nd my uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of woonen,——it was hard to determine whether doctor Slop's gure, or Dr. Slop's presence, occasioned more surprise to hem; for as the accident happened so near the house, as ot to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him ———Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, una-

a full gallop, and making all practicable speed
way.

Pray, sir, let me interest you a moment in this

Had Dr. Slop beheld Obadiah a mile off postir
row lane directly towards him, at that monstrous
splashing and plunging like a devil, thro' thick
he approach'd, would not such a phenomenon,
vortex of mud and water moving along with i
axis——have been a subject of juster apprehensi
Slop in his situation, than the worst of Whist
——To say nothing of the *Nucleus*; that is, of
the coach-horse.——In my idea the vortex alone
enough to have involved and carried, if not th
least the doctor's pony, quite away with it. W
you think must the terror and hydrophobia of D
been, when you read (which you are just going
he was advancing thus warily along towards S
and had approach'd to within sixty yards of it,
five yards of a sudden turn made by an acute
garden-wall,——and in the dirtiest part of a dirt
when Obadiah and his coach-horse turn'd the co
furious, pop—full upon him!—Nothing, I think,
can be supposed more terrible, than such a re-ne
so impromptu! so ill prepared to stand the shock
tor Slop was.

What could Dr. Slop do?——He cross'd hi
Pugh!——But the doctor, sir, was a papist.——
he had better have kept hold of the pummel. F
nay, as it happen'd, he had better have done not
—for in crossing himself, he let go his whip;
tempting to save his whip betwixt his knee an
skirt, as it slipp'd, he lost his stirrup——in losi
lost his seat;—and in the multitude of all these lo
by the bye, shows what little advantage there is
the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of min
without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his
destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something
and manner of a pack of wool, and without
sequence from the fall, save that of being le

CHAPTER X.

WHEN Dr. Slop entered the back-parlour, where my fath
and my uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of w
men,——it was hard to determine whether doctor Slo
figure, or Dr. Slop's presence, occasioned more surprise
them; for as the accident happened so near the house,
not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount h
————Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, uns
pointed, unannealed, with all his stains and blotches
him————He stood like Hamlet's ghost, motionless
speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour
(Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty o
His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fa'
besmear'd—and, in every other part of him, blotch
such a manner with Obadiah's explosion, that
have sworn, (without mental reservation) th
it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my uncle Toby to ha
riumph'd over my father in his turn;—for no mortal, wh
ad beheld Dr. Slop in that pickle, could have dissente
rom so much, at least, of my uncle Toby's opinion, "Tha
' mayhap his sister might not care to let such a Dr. Slop
' come so near her ****." But it was the Argumentum ad
ominem; and if my uncle Toby was not very expert at it,
ou may think, he might not care to use it. No; the reason
was,—'twas not his nature to insult.

Dr. Slop's presence, at that time, was no less problemati-
al than the mode of it, tho' it is certain, one moment's re-
lection in my father might have solved it; for he had appris-
d Dr. Slop but the week before, that my mother was at her
ull reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing since,
twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a
ide to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to see how matters
ent on.

But my father's mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in
s investigation; running, like the hypercritic's, altogether
on the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door,—
suring their distance,—and keeping his mind so intent
n the operation, as to have power to think of nothing
——Common-place infirmity of the greatest mathema-
s! working with might and main at the demonstration,
wasting all their strength upon it, that they have
eft in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, struck
e strong upon the sensorium of my uncle Toby,—but
d a very different train of thoughts;——the two
ideable pulsations, instantly brought Stevinus the
gineer, along with them, into my uncle Toby's mind
t business Stevinus had in this affair, is the great-
m of all;—it shall be solved, but not in the next

tands the just boundaries of decorum and good breeding
would presume to think all: The truest respect which you
an pay to the reader's understanding, is to halve this matt
er amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his
urn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments
f this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his
magination as busy as my own.

'Tis his turn now:—I have given an ample description
f Dr. Slop's sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in
he back parlour;—his imagination must now go on with it
or a while.

Let the reader imagine then, that Dr. Slop has told his
ale;———and in what words, and with what aggravation
is fancy chooses—Let him suppose that Obadiah has told
is tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern
s he thinks will best contrast the two figures as they star
y each other. Let him imagine, that my father has step
p stairs to see my mother:—And to conclude this work
magination,—let him imagine the doctor wash'd,—[illegible]
[illegible]

tetrically over thy head? Alas! 'tis too true. Be-
st son of Pilumnus! what can'st thou do?—Thou
forth unarm'd!—thou hast left thy tire tete,—thy
nted forceps,—thy crotchet,—thy squirt,—and all
ments of salvation and deliverance behind thee.
aven! at this moment they are hanging up in a
e bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at thy bed's head!
—call;——send Obadiah back upon the coach-
ring them with all speed.
ke great haste, Obadiah, quoth my father, and I'll
a crown;—and, quoth my uncle Toby, I'll give
er.

CHAPTER XII.

udden and unexpected arrival, quoth my uncle
ressing himself to Dr. Slop, (all three of them sit-
to the fire together, as my uncle Toby began to
ntly brought the great Stevinus into my head,
must know, is a favorite author with me,——
led my father, making use of the argument Ad
m,—I will lay twenty guineas to a single crown
hich will serve to give away to Obadiah when he
) that this same Stevinus was some engineer or
has wrote something or other, either directly or
, upon the science of fortification.
so,—replied my uncle Toby.————I knew it,
ther;—tho' for the soul of me, I cannot see what
nnection there can be betwixt Dr. Slop's sudden
nd a discourse upon fortification; yet I feared it.
what we will, brother,—or let the occasion be ne-
ign or unfit for the subject,—you are sure to bring
would not brother Toby, continued my father,——
would not have my head so full of curtains and

the critic cons.

tion of a pun, more cordiall

uld grow testy upon it at any time;—

upon by one, in a serious discourse, was

e in upon the nose;—he saw no differen

ld say, as a fillip upon the nose;—he saw no difference to Dr. Slop,

Sir, quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Dr. Slop, have

—the curtains my brother Shandy mentions here, have taken the

thing to do with bedsteads;—tho' I know, Du Cange says

name from them;—nor have the horn-works, he speaks o

any thing in the world to do with the horn works, of such

dom;—But the curtain of the wall or rampart which lies be

tion, for that part of the wall or rampart which lies be

the two bastions, and joins them.—Besiegers seldom

to carry on their attacks directly against the curtain, fi

reason, because they are so well flanked;—'tis the

other curtains, quoth Dr. Slop, laughing)—however

nited my uncle Toby, to make them sure, we

choose to place ravelins before them, taking care

ter'd them beyond the fosse or ditch:—The com

who know very little of fortification, confound

and the half-moon together,—tho' they are ve

things,—not in their figure or construction,

them exactly alike in all points,—for they alw

two faces, making a salient angle with th

straight, but in form of a crescent.—Wher

difference? (quoth my father, a little testily

tions, answered my uncle Toby:—For

brother, stands before a bastion, then

a ravelin stands before the curtain, it is a

ravelin,—it is a half-moon so long as it stan

moon, and no more, so long as it stands

but was it to change place, and

would be no longer a half-moon;—'tis no mor

is now a half-moon;—'tis no

quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides,—as well as others.

———As for the horn-works (high ho! sigh'd my father) which, continued my uncle Toby, my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an outwork;—they are called by the French engineers, Ouvrage a corne, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest;——they're form'd by two epaulments or demibastions,——they are very pretty, and if you will take a walk, I'll engage to show you one well worth your trouble:——I own, continued my uncle Toby, when we crown them,—they are much stronger, but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground; so that, in my opinion, they are most of use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise the double tenaille———By the mother who bore us!—brother Toby, quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer,—you would provoke a saint;—here have you got us, I know not how, not only souse into the middle of the old subject again,———but so full is your head of these confounded works, that tho' my wife is this moment in the pains of labor,—and you hear her cry out,—yet nothing will serve you but to carry off the man-midwife ———Accoucheur,—if you please, quoth Dr. Slop——With all my heart, replied my father, I don't care what they call you,—but I wish the whole science of fortification, with all its inventors, at the devil;—it has been the death of thousands ——and it will be mine, in the end. I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, pallisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,——I have told you in the fifth chapter of this second book, "That he was a man of courage:"—— And will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth——I know no man under whose arm I would sooner *have* taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any *insensibility or obtuseness* of his intellectual parts;—for he felt *this insult of my father's* as feelingly as a man could do;—

ee, says my uncle Toby, [illegible]
ross the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a [illegible]
' thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening
is hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil, get
hee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is
vide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened;—but whe-
ther it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my
nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole
frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation;—or
how far the manner and expression of it might go towards
it;—or, in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of
voice, and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might
find a passage to my heart, I know not;—this I know, that
the lesson of universal good-will, then taught and imprinted
by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of my
mind: And tho' I would not depreciate what the study of
the Literæ Humaniores, at the university, have done for m
in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expen
education bestowed upon me, both at home and a'
[illegible] yet, I often think, that I owe one half of my
[illegible] impression.

transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy; ——yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to show itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness:—— He was, however, frank and generous in his nature,—at all times open to conviction; and in the little ebullitions of this subacid humor towards others, but particularly towards my uncle Toby, whom he truly loved,—he would feel more pain ten times told, (except in the affair of my aunt Dinah, or where an hypothesis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair, which arose about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a *Hobby Horse*,—that a man's *Hobby Horse* is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes, at my uncle Toby's, could not be unfelt by him.——No;—as I said above, my uncle Toby did feel them, and very sensibly too.

Pray, sir, what said he?—How did he behave?—Oh, sir!—it was great: For as soon as my father had done insulting his *Hobby Horse*,—he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Dr. Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse, and looked up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good nature,—so placid,—so fraternal,—so inexpressibly tender towards him;—it penetrated my father to his heart: He rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my uncle Toby's hands as he spoke: Brother Toby, said he,—I beg thy pardon;—— forgive, I pray thee, this rash humor which my mother gave me.—My dear, dear brother, answered my uncle Toby, rising up by my father's help, say no more about it;—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother. But 'tis ungenerous, replied my father, to hurt any man;—a brother worse;—but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners,—so unprovoking, and so unresenting,—'tis base:—By heaven, 'tis cowardly.——You are heartily welcome, brother, quoth my uncle Toby,—had it been fifty times as much. ——*Besides, what have I to do, my dear Toby, cried my father, either with* your amusements or your pleasures, unless

my dear, sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Mr. Shandy incre
—Not a jot, quoth my father.

CHAPTER XIII.

———MY brother does it, quoth my uncle
principle.——In a family way, I suppose, quoth
Pshaw!—said my father, 'tis not worth talking

CHAPTER XIV.

he went on with the subject, to show my father that he had none.

Your sudden appearance, Dr. Slop, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, instantly brought Stevinus into my head—(My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wages upon Stevinus's head)—Because, continued my uncle Toby, the celebrated sailing chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles, in I don't know how few minutes,—was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.

You might have spared your servant the trouble, quoth Dr. Slop, (as the fellow is lame) of going for Stevinus's account of it, because in my return from Leyden, through the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.

—That's nothing, replied my uncle Toby, to what the learned Peireskius did, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to see it,——and nothing else.

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.—The more fool Peireskius, replied Dr. Slop.—But mark—'twas out of no contempt of Peireskius at all:—But that Peireskius's indefatigable labor in trudging so far on foot out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Dr. Slop, in that affair to nothing.—The more fool Peireskius, said he again,——Why so?—replied my father, taking his brother's part, not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which still hung upon my father's mind;—but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse;—why so?—said he; why is Peireskius, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge? For, notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question, continued he, the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head; and tho' I *cannot guess upon* what principles of philosophy he has *achieved it*—yet certainly his machine has been constructed

ele, (though not without begging pardon for it, at the same time) upon what principles was this self same chariot set a going?—Upon very pretty principles, to be sure, replied Dr. Slop;—and I have often wondered, continued he, evading the question, why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours,—(especially they whose wives are not past child bearing) attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls to which the sex is subject,—if the wind only served,—but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the devil take 'em) both cost and eat a great deal.

For that very reason, replied my father, "Because they "cost nothing, and because they eat nothing,"—the scheme is bad; it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufacture of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade, brings in money, and supports the value of our lands: And tho', I own, if I was a prince, I would generously recompence the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances;—yet I would as peremptorily sup-

CHAPTER XV.

IN popped Corporal Trim with Stevinus: But 'twas too late,—all the discourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

———You may take the book home again, Trim, said my uncle Toby, nodding to him.

But prithee, Corporal, quoth my father, drolling,—look first into it, and see if thou can'st spy aught of a sailing chariot in it.

Corporal Trim, by being in the service had learned to obey,—and not to remonstrate;—so taking the book to a side-table, and running over the leaves: An' please your honor, said Trim, I can see no such thing;——however, continued the Corporal drolling a little in his turn, I'll make sure work of it, an' please your honour;——so, taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

There is something fallen out however, said Trim, an' please your honour; but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one.——Prithee, Corporal, said my father, smiling, what is it then?——I think, answered Trim, stooping to take it up,—'tis more like a sermon,—for it begins with a text of scripture, and the chapter and verse;——and then goes on, not as a chariot,—but like a sermon directly.

The company smiled.

I cannot conceive how it is possible, quoth my uncle Toby, for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my Stevinus.

I think 'tis a sermon, replied Trim;—but if it please your honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page:——For Trim, you must know, loved to hear himself read, almost as well as talk.

I have ever a strong propensity, said my father, to look *into things* which cross my way, by such strange fatalities a

the poor fellow's misfortune. Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made an humble bow to his master;—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left hand, in order to have his right at liberty, he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by his audience.

CHAPTER XVI.

———IF you have any objection,—said my father, addressing himself to Dr. Slop. Not in the least replied Dr. Slop;—for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote;——it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours,—so that we run equal risks.——

CHAPTER XVII.

——But before the Corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude;—otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture,—stiff,—perpendicular, dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs;——his eyes fixed, as if on duty;——his look determined,——clinching the sermon in his left hand like his firelock;——In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was standing in his platoon, ready for action:——His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body swayed, and bent forwards, just so far, as to make an angle of eighty-five degrees an and half upon the plane of the horizon;—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well, to be the true persuasive angle of incidence;—in any other angle you may talk and preach—'tis certain,—and it is done every day;—but with what effect,—I leave the world to judge!

The necessity of this precise angle of eighty-five degrees and an half, to a mathematical exactness, does it not show us, by the way,—how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the duce Corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly;—or whether it was chance, or nature, or good sense, or imitation, &c. shall be commented upon in that part of this yclopœdia of arts and sciences, where the instrumental rts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit and the bar, e coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side fall under nsideration.

He stood,——for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in ne view, with his body swayed and somewhat bent fords,—*his right* leg firm under him, sustaining seven-s *of his* whole weight,——the foot of the left leg, the *of which*, was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanc

part of his whole weight under it,—and to carry it too.

☞ This I recommend to painters;——need I add—to orators?——I think not; for, unless they practise it,—they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal Trim's body and legs.——He held the sermon loosely, not carelessly, in his left hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast;——his right arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it,—but with the palm of it open, and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment, in case it stood in need.

Corporal Trim's eyes, and the muscles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him;——he looked frank,—unconstrained,——something assured,—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critic ask, how Corporal Trim could come by all this;—I've told him, it shall be explained;——but so he stood before my father, my uncle Toby, and Dr. Slop,——so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure, a statuary might have modelled from it:—nay, I doubt whether the

THE SERMON.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

——*For we trust we have a good Conscience.*——

"TRUST!——Trust we have a good Conscience!"

[Certainly, Trim, quoth my father, interrupting him, you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the person was going to abuse the apostle.

He is, an' please your honour, replied Trim——Pugh! said my father, smiling.

Sir, quoth Dr. Slop, Trim is certainly in the right; for the writer, (who, I perceive is a protestant,) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the apostle, is certainly going to abuse him,—if this treatment of him has not done it already. But from whence, replied my father, have you concluded so soon, Dr. Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet,—he may be of any church: ——Because, answered Dr. Slop, if he was of ours, he durst no more take such a license,—than a bear by his beard:—If, in our communion, sir, a man was to insult an apostle,—a saint,——or even the pairing of a saint's nail,—he would have his eyes scratched out.—What, by the saint? quoth my uncle Toby. No; replied Dr. Slop—he would have an old house over his head. Pray, is the Inquisition an ancient building, answered my uncle Toby, or is it a modern one?—I know nothing of architecture, replied Dr. Slop. An' please your honours, quoth Trim, the Inquisition is the vilest——— Prithee spare thy description, Trim; I hate the very name of it, said my father.—No matter for that, answered Dr. Slop,—it has its uses; for tho' I am no great advocate for it, yet in such cases as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, *would be-flung into* the Inquisition for his pains. God help *him, then!* quoth my uncle Toby. Amen, added Trim

for heaven above knows, I have a poor brother, who
been fourteen years a captive in it.—I never heard one w
of it before, said my uncle Toby hastily:—How came
there, Trim?——O, sir! the story will make your h
bleed,—as it has made mine a thousand times;——but i
too long to be told now;——your honour shall hear it fi
first to last, some day when I am working beside you in
fortification;—but the short of the story is this:

That my brother Tom went over, a servant to Lisbo
and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a small sh
and sold sausages, which somehow or other, was the ca
of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his b
where he was lying with his wife and two small children,
carried directly to the Inquisition; where, God help h
continued Trim, fetching a sigh from the bottom of
heart,—the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour;—
was as honest a soul, added Trim,' (pulling out his handk
chief) as ever blood warmed.

——The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster th
he could well wipe them away:——A dead silence in
room ensued for some minutes—certain proof of pity!

Come, Trim, quoth my father, after he saw the poor
low's grief had got a little vent,—read on, and put
melancholy story out of thy head:—I grieve that I interru
ed thee;—but prithee begin the sermon again;—for if
first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I h
a great desire to know what kind of a provocation the apo
has given.

Corporal Trim wiped his face, and returning his handk
chief into his pocket, and making a bow as he did it,
began again.]

THE SERMON.

Hebrews xiii. 18.

—*For we trust we have a good Conscience.*—

JST! trust we have a good conscience! Surely, if is any thing in this life which a man may depend up- id to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriv- ion the most indisputable evidence, it must be this hing, whether he has a good conscience or no."

positive I am right, quoth Dr. Slop.]

a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to ne state of this account;—he must be privy to his own hts and desires;—he must remember his past pursuits, now certainly the true springs and motives which in al, have governed the actions of his life."

y him, without an assistant, quoth Dr. Slop.]

other matters, we may be deceived by false appear- ; and, as the Wise Man complains, hardly do we aright at the things that are upon the earth, and abor do we find the things that are before us. But the mind has all the evidence and facts within her- is conscious of the web she has wove; knows its tex- nd fineness, and the exact share which every passion d in working upon the several designs which virtue e has planned before her."

language is good, and I declare Trim reads very well, y father.]

r,——as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge the mind has within herself of this; and the judg- either of approbation or censure, which it unavoida- akes upon the successive actions of our lives; 'tis you will say, from the very terms of the proposition, never this inward testimony goes against a man, and ds self-accused,—that he must necessarily be a guilty

" man.——And, on the contrary, when the repu
" able on his side, and his heart condemns him
" is not a matter of trust, as the apostle intimates, but a m
" ter of certainty and fact, that the conscience is good, a
" the man must be good also."

[Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppo quoth Dr. Slop, and the protestant divine is in the right Sir, have patience, replied my father, for I think it will p sently appear, that St. Paul and the protestant divine both of an opinion.——As nearly so, quoth Dr. Slop, as e is to west;—but this, continued he, lifting both hands, con from the liberty of the press.

It is no more at the worst, replied my uncle Toby, th the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the mon is printed, or ever likely to be.

Go on. Trim, quoth my father.]

" At first sight, this may seem to be a true state of " case; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of ri " and wrong is so truly impressed upon the mind of man " that, did no such thing ever happen, as that the con " ence of a man by long habits of sin, might (as the sc " ture assures us it may) insensibly become hard;—and, l " some tender parts of his body, by much stress, and co " nual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and " ception with which God and nature endowed it:—Did " never happen;——or was it certain that self-love co " never hung the least bias upon the judgment;——or " the little interests below, could rise and perplex the fa " ties of our upper regions, and encompass them about w " clouds and thick darkness:——Could no such thing as " vour and affection enter this sacred *Court*:——Did *Wit* " dain to take a bribe in it;—or was ashamed to show " face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyme " ——Or lastly, were we assured, that *Interest* stood alw " unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing,—and that " *sion* never got into the judgment seat and pronounced " *tence in the* stead of reason, which is supposed alway " *preside* and determine upon the case:——Was this " *so as the objection* must suppose;—no doubt, then th

"gious and moral state of a man would be exactly what he "himself esteemed it;——and the guilt or innocence of "every man's life, could be known, in general, by no better "measure, than the degrees of his own approbation and "censure.

"I own, in one case, whenever a man's conscience does "accuse him, (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guil-"ty; and, unless in melancholy and hypochondriack cases, "we may safely pronounce upon it, that there are always "sufficient grounds for the accusation.

"But the converse of the proposition will not hold true; "namely, that whenever there is guilt, the conscience must "accuse; and, if it does not, that a man is therefore inno-"cent.——This is not fact:—So that the common consola-"tion, which some good christian or other is hourly admi-"nistering to himself,—that he thanks God his mind does "not misgive him; and that, consequently, he has a good "conscience, because he hath a quiet one,—is fallacious;— "and, as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the "rule appears at first sight, yet, when you look nearer to it, "and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts,——you see "it liable to so much errour from a false application;——the "principle upon which it goes so often perverted;——the "whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, "that it is painful to produce the common examples from "human life which confirm the account.

"A man shall be vicious, and utterly debauched in his "principles;——exceptionable in his conduct to the world; "——shall live shameless, in the open commission of a sin "which no reason or pretence can justify;—a sin, by which, "contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin "forever the deluded partner of his guilt;—rob her of her "best dowry;—and not only cover her own head with disho-"nour,—but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and "sorrow for her sake.——Surely, you will think, conscience "must lead such a man a troublesome life;—he can have no "rest night or day from its reproaches.

"*Alas! Conscience* had something else to do all this time, "than break in upon him; as Elijah reproached the go-

" an temptation of committing; so that he lives as merrily,"
—[If he was of our church, tho', quoth Dr. Slop, he could not]—" sleeps as soundly in his bed,—and at last meets death
" as unconcernedly,—perhaps much more so than a much
" better man."

[All this is impossible with us, quoth Dr. Slop, turning to my father,—the case could not happen in our church.——It happens in ours, however, replied my father, but too often ——I own, quoth Dr. Slop, (struck a little with my father's frank acknowledgment)—that a man in the Romish church may live as badly;—but then he cannot easily die so. ——'Tis little matter, replied my father, with an air of indifference, —how a rascal dies.——I mean, answered Dr. Slop, he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.——Pray how many have you in all, said my uncle Toby,—for I always forget?——Seven, answered Dr. Slop.————Hump!—said my uncle Toby,—tho' not accented as a note of acquiescence,—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprise, when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected.——Humph! replied my uncle Toby. Dr. Slop, who had an ear, understood my uncle Toby

ther, with a most affected gravity. But prithee, continued he, go on with the rest of thy characters, Trim.]

"Another is sordid, unmerciful,—[here Trim waved his "right hand]—a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable "either of private friendship or public spirit.—Take notice "how he passes by the widow and the orphan in their dis-"tress,"and sees all the miseries incident to human life with-"out a sigh or a prayer."—[An' please your honours, cried Trim, I think this is a viler man than the other.]

"Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such oc-"casions?——No; thank God, there is no occasion: I pay "every man his own;—I have no fornication to answer to "my conscience;—no faithless vows or promises to make "up;—I have debauched no man's wife or child: Thank "God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as "this libertine, who stands before me.

"A third is crafty and designing in his nature. View his "whole life;—'tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark "arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true "intent of all laws—plain dealing, and the safe enjoyment "of our several properties.——You will see such a one work-"ing out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and "perplexities of the poor and needy man;—shall raise a "fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsus-"pecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him "with his life.

"When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to "look back upon this black account, and state it over again "with his conscience, *Conscience* looks into the *Statutes at* "*Large*;—finds no express law broken by what he has done; "—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels "incurred;—sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison "opening its gates upon him:——What is there to affright "his conscience?——Conscience has got safely entrenched "behind the Letter of the Law; sits there invulnerable, "fortified with CASES and REPORTS so strongly on all "sides,—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold."

[Here Corporal Trim and my uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.——*Aye, aye, Trim! quoth my uncle*

Trim, quoth my father, or Obadiah will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon. 'Tis a very short one, replied Trim;——I wish it was longer, quoth my uncle Toby, for I like it hugely. Trim went on:]

"A fourth man shall want even this refuge; shall break "through all this ceremony of slow chicane;—scorns the "doubtful workings of secret plots and cautious trains to "bring about his purpose————See the bare-faced villain, "how he cheats, lies, perjures, robs, murders!——Horrid! "——But indeed much better was not to be expected in the "present case,—the poor man was in the dark!—his priest "had got the keeping of his conscience; and all he would "let him know of it, was, That he must believe in the "Pope;—go to Mass;—cross himself;—tell his beads;—be a "good Catholick; and that this, in all conscience, was "enough to carry him to heaven. What——if he perjures! "————Why,—he had a mental reservation in it.——But "if he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you repre-"sent him;—if he robs,—if he stabs,——will not conscience "on every such act, receive a wound itself?—Aye,—but the

"Of this, the common instances, which I have drawn out "of life, are too notorious, to require much evidence. If "any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible "for a man to be such a bubble to himself,—I must refer "him a moment to his own reflections, and will then ven- "ture to trust my appeal with his own heart.

"Let him consider, in how different a degree of detesta- "tion numbers of wicked actions stand there, tho' equally "bad and vicious in their own natures:——He will soon "find, that such of them, as strong inclination and custom "have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out "and painted with all the false beauties, which a soft and "a flattering hand can give them;—and that the others, to "which he feels no propensity, appear, at once, naked and "deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of "folly and dishonour.

"When David surprised Saul sleeping in the cave, and "cut off the skirt of his robe,—we read, his heart smote him "for what he had done:——But in the matter of Uriah, "where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to "have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his lust,— "where conscience had so much greater reason to take the "alarm, his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost "passed, from the commission of that crime, to the time "Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of "the least sorrow or compunction of heart which he testifi- "ed, during all that time, for what he had done.

"Thus conscience, this once able monitor,—placed on "high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as "a just and equitable one too,—by an unhappy train of "causes and impediments, takes often such imperfect cog- "nizance of what passes,—does its office so negligently,— "sometimes so corruptly,—that it is not to be trusted alone "and therefore, we find there is a necessity, an absolute ne- "cessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not "govern its determinations.

"So that, if you would form a just judgment of what is "*of infinite* importance to you not to be misled in,—namely, "*in what* degree of real merit you stand, either as an honest

" case the apostle supposes,—the rule will be infallible;"
[Here Dr. Slop fell asleep]—" thou wilt have confidence to-
" wards God;—that is, have just grounds to believe the
" judgment thou hast passed upon thyself, is the judgment
" of God, and nothing else but an anticipation of that righte-
" ous sentence, which will be pronounced upon thee hereaf-
" ter by that Being, to whom thou art finally to give an ac-
" count of thy actions.

" Blessed is the man indeed then, as the authour of the
" book of Ecclesiasticus expresses it, who is not pricked
" with the multitude of his sins: Blessed is the man whose
" heart hath not condemned him; whether he be rich, or
" whether he be poor, if he have a good heart (a heart thus
" guided and informed) he shall at all times rejoice in a
" cheerful countenance; his mind shall tell him more than
" seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high."
——[A tower has no strength, quoth my uncle Toby, unless
'tis flanked.] " In the darkest doubts, it shall conduct him
" safer than a thousand casuists, and give the state he lives
" in a better security for his behaviour, than all the clauses
" and restrictions put together, which lawmakers and fra-

plainly, said my father, that this sermon has been
ed to be preached at the temple,—or at some assize.
like the reasoning—and am sorry that Dr. Slop has
sleep before the time of his conviction;—for it is now
hat the parson, as I thought at first, never insulted
l in the least; nor has there been, brother, the least
ee between them.——A great matter, if they had
, replied my uncle Toby,—the best friends in the
ay differ sometimes.——True, brother Toby, quoth
er, shaking hands with him,—we'll fill our pipes,
, and then Trim shall go on.
—what do'st thou think of it? said my father, speak-
Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.
k, answered the Corporal, that the seven watchmen
e tower, who, I suppose, are all centinels there, are
n' please your honour, than were necessary; and, to
at that rate, would harrass a regiment all to pieces;
commanding officer, who loves his men, will never
he can help it; because two centinels, added the Cor-
are as good as twenty.——I have been a commanding
nyself, in the Corps de Garde, an hundred times, con-
Trim, (rising an inch higher in his figure, as he spoke),
ll the time I had the honour to serve his majesty King
n, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never
re than two in my life.——Very right, Trim, quoth
cle Toby;—but you do not consider, Trim, that the
in Solomon's days, were not such things as our bas-
lanked and defended by other works;—this, Trim,
invention since Solomon's death; nor had they horn-
or ravelins before the curtain, in his time;—or such
as we make, with a cuvette in the middle of it, and
verel ways and counterscarps palisadoed along it, to
gainst a coup de main:—So that the seven men upon
er were a party, I dare say, from the corps de garde
e, not only to look out, but to defend it.
could be no more, an' please your honour, than a core-
guard.——My father smiled inwardly;—but not out-
;—the subject between my uncle Toby and Corporal
ing rather too serious, considering what had happened

" ther, that you cannot divide these two tables, even in i
" nation, (tho' the attempt is often made in practice) wit
" breaking and mutually destroying them both.

" I said, the attempt is often made; and so it is,——
" being nothing more common, than to see a man, wh
" no sense at all of religion,—and indeed has so much hon
" as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitte
" affront, should you but hint at a suspicion of his n
" character,—or imagine he was not conscientiously just
" scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

" When there is some appearance that it is so, tho' o
" unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiab
" virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into
" grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded
" should find little reason to envy such a one the honou
" his motive.

" Let him declaim as pompously as he chooses upon
" subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundat
" than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some s
" little and changeable passion, as will give us but small

"Now, let me examine what is my reason for this great "confidence. Why, in the first place, I believe there is no "probability that either of them will employ the power I put "into their hands to my disadvantage;—I consider that "honesty serves the purposes of this life:——I know their "success in the world depends upon the fairness of their "characters.——In a word,——I'm persuaded that they can- "not hurt me, without hurting themselves more.

"But put it otherwise, namely, that interest lay, for once, "on the other side; that a case should happen, wherein the "one without stain to his reputation, could secret my for- "tune, and leave me naked in the world;—or that the other "could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate, by my death, "without dishonour to himself or his art:——In this case, "what hold have I either of them? Religion, the strong- "est of all motives, is out of the question:——Interest, the "next powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me: "—What have I left to cast into the opposite scale, to balance "this temptation?—Alas! I have nothing,—nothing but "what is lighter than a bubble.——I must lie at the mercy of "*Honour*, or some such capricious principle.—Strait security "for two of my most valuable blessings——my property and "my life!

"As therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality "without religion;—so, on the other hand, there is nothing "better to be expected from religion without morality:— "nevertheless, 'tis no prodigy to see a man, whose real moral "character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest "notion of himself, in the light of a religious man.

"He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable, "—but even wanting in points of common honesty; yet, "inasmuch as he talks aloud against the infidelity of the age, "—is zealous for some points of religion,—goes twice a-day "to church,—attends the sacraments,—and amuses himself "with a few instrumental parts of religion,—shall cheat his "conscience into a judgment, that for this, he is a religious "man, and has discharged truly his duty to God: And you "will find that such a man, thro' force of this delusion, gene- "rally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man

" who has less affectation of piety,—tho' perhaps, ten tim
" more moral honesty than himself.

" This likewise is a sore veil under the sun; and I beli
" there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its ti
" has wrought more serious mischiefs.——For a general pr
" of this, examine the history of the Romish church;"—
[Well, what can you make of that? cried Dr. Slop] " —
" see what scenes of cruelty, murders, rapines, blood-she
[They may thank their own obstinacy, cried Dr. Slop]
" have all been sanctified by a religion not strictly govern
" by morality.

" In how many kingdoms of the world" [Here Trim lo
waving his right hand, from the sermon to the extent of
arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusi
of the paragraph.]

" In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusadi
" sword of this misguided saint-errant spared neither age,
" merit, or sex, or condition?——and, as he fought un
" the banners of a religion which set him loose from jus
" and humanity, he showed none; mercilessly trampled
" on both,——heard neither the cries of the unfortunate,
" pitied their distresses."

[I have been in many a battle, an' please your hono
quoth Trim, sighing, but never in so melancholy a one
this.——I would not have drawn a trigger in it, against th
poor souls,—to have been made a general officer.—Why, w
do you understand of the affair? said Dr. Slop, look
towards Trim with something more of contempt than
Corporal's honest heart deserved————What do you kn
friend, about this battle you talk of?——I know, rep
Trim, that I never refused quarter in my life, to any n
who cried out for it;—but, to a woman or child, contin
Trim, before I would level my musket at them, I wo
lose my life a thousand times.——Here's a crown for th
Trim, to drink with Obadiah to-night, quoth my un
Toby, and I'll give Obadiah another too.——God bless y
honour, replied Trim;——I had rather these poor women
children had it.——Thou art an honest fellow, quoth

uncle Toby.——My father nodded his head,—as much as to say,——and so he is.——

But prithee Trim, said my father, make an end,—for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.

Corporal Trim read on.]

"If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not "sufficient,—consider, at this instant, how the votaries of "that religion are every day thinking to do honour and ser- "vice to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal "to themselves.

"To be convinced of this, go with me, for a moment, into "the prisons of the Inquisition."—[God help my poor bro- ther Tom.]——"Behold Religion, with Mercy and Justice "chained down under her feet,——there sitting ghastly "upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instru- "ments of torment: Hark!———hark! what a piteous "groan!"——[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.] ——"See the melancholy wretch who uttered it"—[Here the tears began to trickle down]—"just brought forth to un- "dergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost "pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to in- "vent."——[D—n them all, quoth Trim, his colour return- ing into his face as red as blood.]——"Behold this helpless "victim delivered up to his tormentors,——his body so "wasted with sorrow and confinement."———[O! 'tis my brother, cried poor Trim, in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clasping his hands together,——I fear 'tis poor Tom. My father's and my uncle Toby's hearts yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress,——even Slop himself acknowledged pity for him.———Why, Trim, said my father, this is not a history,—'tis a sermon thou art reading;—prithee begin the sentence again.]———"Behold this helpless victim delivered "up to his tormentors, his body so wasted with sorrow and "confinement, you will see every nerve and muscle as it "suffers.

"Observe the last movement of that horrid engine!" [I would rather face a cannon, quoth Trim, stamping.]—— "See what convulsions it has thrown him into! Consid

" the nature of the posture in which he now lies stret
" what exquisite tortures he endures by it!" [I hop
not in Portugal.]——" 'Tis all nature can bear! Good
" See how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his
" bling lips!" [I would not read another line of it,
Trim, for all this world;——I fear, an' please your hor
all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom
tell thee, Trim, again, quoth my father, 'tis not an hist
account, 'tis a description. 'Tis only a description, h
man, quoth Slop; there's not a word of truth in i
That's another story, replied my father.——Howev
Trim reads it with so much concern, 'tis cruelty to
him to go on with it. Give me hold of the sermon, 'Tri
I'll finish it for thee, and thou may'st go. I must sta
hear it too, replied Trim, if your honour will allow
tho' I would not read it myself for a colonel's pay.——
Trim! quoth my uncle Toby. My father went on.]

" ——Consider the nature of the posture in which he
" lies stretched, what exquisite torture he endures b
" 'Tis all nature can bear! Good God! See how it
" his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips,—w
" to take its leave,—but not suffered to depart!——
" hold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!" [
thank God, however, quoth Trim, they have not
him.]

" See him dragged out of it again to meet the flames
" the insults in his last agonies, which this principle,—
" principle, that there can be religion without mercy
" prepared for him."

[Then, thank God, he is dead, quoth Trim,—he
of his pain,——and they have done their worst at hin
sirs!——Hold your peace, Trim, said my father, goin
with the sermon, lest Trim should incense Dr. Slop,
shall never have done at this rate.]

" The surest way to try the merit of any disputed no
" is to trace down the consequences such a notion has
" *sword*, and compare them with the spirit of christian
" —*'tis the* short and decisive rule which our Saviour

"left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thou-
"sand arguments—By their fruits ye shall know them.

"I will add no farther to the length of this sermon, than,
"by two or three short and independent rules deducible
"from it.

"First, whenever a man talks loudly against religion—al-
"ways suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions,
"which have got the better of his *Creed*. A bad life and a
"good belief are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours;
"and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other
"cause but quietness sake.

"Secoudly, when a man thus represented, tells you, in
"any particular instance,—That such a thing goes against
"his conscience,—always believe he means exactly the same
"thing, as when he tells you, such a thing goes against his
"stomach;—a present want of appetite being generally the
"true cause of both.

"In a word,—trust that man in nothing, who has not a
"*Conscience* in every thing.

"And, in your own case, remember this plain distinc-
"tion, a mistake in which has ruined thousands,—that your
"conscience is not a law:—No; God and reason made the
"law, and have placed conscience within you, to deter-
"mine,—not like an Asiatic Cadi, according to the ebbs
"and flows of his own passions,—but like a British judge
"in the land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new
"law, but faithfully declares that law which he knows al-
"ready written."

FINIS.

Thou hast read the sermon extremely well, Trim
my father———If he had spared his comments
Dr. Slop, he would have read it much better. I sho
read it ten times better, sir, answered Trim, but
heart was so full———That was the very reason
replied my father, which has made thee read the s
well as thou hast done; and if the clergy of our chu
tinued my father, addressing himself to Dr. Slo
take part in what they deliver, as deeply as this po
has done,—as their compositions are fine,—(I deny
Dr. Slop)—I maintain it, that the eloquence of ou
with such subjects to inflame it,——would be a mod
whole world:—But alas! continued my father,—a
it, sir, with sorrow,—that, like French politicians i
spect, what they gain in the cabinet, they lose in
———'Twere a pity, quoth my uncle, that this
lost. I like the sermon well, replied my father
dramatic,—and there is something in that way of
when skillfully managed, which catches the atten
——We preach much in that way with us, said Dr.
I know that very well, said my father,——but in a
manner which disgusted Dr. Slop, full as much as h
simply, could have pleased him.——But in this, a
Slop, a little piqued,——our sermons have greatly th
tage, that we never introduce any character into the
a patriarch, or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr, o
——There are some very bad characters in this,
said my father; and I do not think the sermon a jot
for 'em.——But pray, quoth my uncle Toby,—w
this be?——How could it get into my Stevinus?
must be as great a conjurer as Stevinus, said my f
resolve the second question:—The first, I think,
difficult; for, unless my judgment greatly deceiv
know the author; for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the
the parish.

The similitude of the style and manner of it, w
my father constantly had heard preached in hi
church, was the ground of his conjecture, pro
strongly, as an argument a priori could prove s

to a philosophic mind, That it was Yoricl
else:————It was proved to be so a p
after, when Yorick sent a servant to my un
to inquire after it.

It seems that Yorick, who was inquisiti
of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of
and had carelessly popped his sermon, as soc
it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an
ness, to which he was ever subject, he had se
and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! Thou was lost, after this
a second time; dropped thro' an unsuspec
master's pocket, down into a treacherous a
ing,——trod deep into the dirt by the left hi
sinante inhumanly stepping upon thee as
buried ten days in the mire,—raised up out
—sold for a halfpenny to a parish-clerk,——
parson,——lost forever to thy own, the
days, nor restored to his restless *Manes* till t
that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe, that this sermon
preached at an assize in the cathedral of
thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of
prebendary of that church, and actually
when he had done,—and within so short a sp
and three months after Yorick's death?——
was never better served in his life;—but it w
to maltreat him after, and plunder him aft
his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was
ty with Yorick,—and, in conscious justice, p
copies to give away;—and that, I am told,
over have made as good a one himself, had
—I declare I would not have published this
world:————Nor do I publish it with an i
character and advancement in the church
that to others;—but I find myself impelled
which I cannot withstand.

The first is, That, in doing justice, I

Yorick's ghost;—which, as the country people, and others believe,—still walks.

The second reason is, That by laying open this the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it— in case the character of parson Yorick and this his sermons, is liked,—there are now in the pos the Shandy Family, as many as will make a hars lume, at the world's service,—and much good 'do it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without came in jingling with all the instruments in bag we spoke of, slung across his body, Trim went out of the room.

It is now proper, I think, quoth Dr. his looks) as we are in a condition to he Mrs. Shandy, to send up stairs to know

I have ordered, answered my father come down to us upon the least difficul know, Dr. Slop, continued my father, of a smile upon his countenance, th solemnly ratified between me and my than an auxiliary in this affair—and unless the lean old mother of a midw do without you———Women have and, in points of this nature, cond they bear the whole burden, and for the advantage of our families, cies,—they claim a right of dec whose hands, and in what fashio

They are in the right of it,

sir, replied Dr. Slop, not taking notice of my uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father, they had better govern in other points;——and a father of a family who wishes its perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.——I know not, quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite dispassionate in what he said,—I know not, quoth he, what we have left to give up, in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world,—unless that—of who shall beget them.—One would almost give up any thing, replied Dr. Slop.—I beg your pardon,—answered my uncle Toby.—Sir, replied Dr. Slop, it would astonish you, to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the fœtus,—which has received such lights, that, for my part, (holding up his hands) I declare I wonder how the world has—I wish, quoth my uncle Toby, you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.

CHAPTER XIX.

I HAVE dropped the curtain over this scene for a minute,—to remind you of one thing,—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of its due course;—for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.——Writers had need look before them to keep up the spirit and connexion of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done,—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my uncle Toby, my father and Dr. Slop, shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

from the very first act of his begetting,—down to the [illegible] and slippered pantaloon in his second childishness, but h had some favorite notion to himself, springing out of it, a sceptical, and as far out of the high way, of thinking, a these two which have been explained.

——Mr. Shandy, my father, sir, would see nothing in th light in which others placed it:—He placed things in his ow light;—he would weigh nothing in common scales;—no,—h was too refined a researcher to lie open to so gross an impos tion.——To come at the exact weight of things in the scient fic steel-yard, the fulcrum, he would say, should be almo invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—withou this, the minutæ of philosophy, which should always tur the balance, will have no weight at all.——Knowledge, lik matter, he would affirm, was divisible in infinitum;—th the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as th gravitation of the whole world.——In a word, he would say errour was errour,—no matter where it fell;—whether in fraction,—or a pound,—'twas alike fatal to truth: And sh was kept down at the bottom of her well as inevitably by mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing,—as in the disk o

longed to them—why,—why are we a ruined people?—Because we are corrupted.—Whence is it, dear sir, that you are corrupted?—Because we are needy;—our poverty and not our wills, consent.—And wherefore, he would add,—are we needy?——From the neglect, he would answer, of our pence and halfpence:——Our bank-notes, sir, our guineas,—nay our shillings, take care of themselves.

'Tis the same he would say, throughout the whole circle of the sciences;—the great, the established points of them are not to be broke in upon.——The laws of nature will defend themselves;——but errour——(he would add, looking earnestly at my mother)——errour, sir, creeps in thro' the minute holes and small crevices, which human nature leaves ungarded.

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of:———The point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows:

Amongst the many and excellent reasons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Dr. Slop's assistance preferably to that of the old woman,——there was one of a very singular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter with her as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher,———he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet-anchor.———It failed him; though from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not able for his soul, to make her comprehend the drift of it.——Cursed luck!—said he to himself, one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and an half to her, to no manner of purpose;——cursed luck! said he, biting his lip, as he shut the door,—for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature, ——and have a wife at the same time with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within-side of it, to save his soul from destruction.

This argument, though it was entirely lost upon my mother,——had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together.——I will therefore endeavour to g

it justice,—and set it forth with all the perspicuity I
ter of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two
ing axioms:

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was
ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which, by the bye, was the groundwo
first axiom,—tho' it comes last———) That eve
wit must come from every man's own soul,——and
body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls
nature equal,—and that the great difference betw
most acute and the most obtuse understanding,—
from no original sharpness or bluntness of one think
stance above or below another,——but arose merely
lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that pa
the soul principally took up her residence—he had
the subject of his inquiry to find out the identical pl

Now from the best accounts he had been able to g
matter, he was satisfied it could not be where Dese
fixed it, upon the top of the pineal gland of th
which, as he philosophised, formed a cushion for h
the size of a marrow pea;——though, to speak th
as so many nerves did terminate all in that one p
'twas no bad conjecture; and my father had certain
with that great philosopher plump into the centr
mistake, had it not been for my uncle Toby,—who
him out of it, by a story he told him of a Walloon
the battle of Landen, who had one part of his br
away by a musket-ball,——and another part of it t
after by a French surgeon; and, after all, recove
did his duty very well without it.

If death, said my father, reasoning with himself,
ing but the separation of the soul from the body;—
if it is true, that people can walk about, and do th
ness without brains,———then certes the soul does
bit there. Q. E. D.

As for that certain very thing, subtile, and very
juice which Coglionissimo Borri, the great Milan

affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have discovered in
ellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and
he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the
able soul (for, you must know, in these later and more
ened ages, there are two souls in every man living,
e one, according to the great Metheglingius, being
the Animus, the other the Anima);——as for this
n, I say, of Borri,—my father could never subscribe
y any means: The very idea of so noble, so refined, so
terial, and so exalted a being as the Anima, or even the
us, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like
pole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a pud-
——or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin
', he would say, shock'd his imagination; he would
give the doctrine a hearing.
at, therefore, seem'd the least liable to objections of
was, that the chief sensorium, or head-quarters of the
and to which place all intelligences were referred, and
whence all her mandates were issued,—was in, or near,
rebellum,—or rather somewhere about the medulla ob-
n, wherein, it was generally agreed by Dutch anato-
that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the
senses, concentered, like streets and winding alleys,
square.
far there was nothing singular in my father's opinion;
nd the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates,
along with him.——But here he took a road of his
setting up another Shandean hypothesis upon these
r stones they had laid for him;—and which said hypo-
equally stood its ground; whether the subtility and
ss of the soul depended upon the temperature and
ess of the said liquor, or of the finer net-work and
e in the cerebellum itself; which opinion he favoured.
maintained, that, next to the due care to be taken in
t of propagation of each individual, which required
thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this
prehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy,
nce, and what is usually meant by the name of good
parts, do consist;—that, next to this and his chastity

part foremost.

——This requires explanation.

My father, who dipp'd into all kinds of books, upon look ing into Lithopædus Senonensis de Partu difficili*, publishe by Adrianus Smelvogt, had found out, That the lax an pliable state of a child's head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no sutures at that time, was such,—that by force of the woman's efforts, which, in strong labor-pains was equal, upon an average, to the weight of four hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupoise acting perpendicularly upon it;——it so happened, that in forty-nine instances out of fifty, the said head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a pastry cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.——— Good God! cried my father, what havock and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or, if there is such a juice as Borri pretends, ——is it not enough to make the clearest liquid in the world both feculent and mothery?

But how great was his apprehension, when he farther understood, that this force, acting upon the very crown of the

that it necessarily squeezed and
wards the cerebellum, which was the
understanding——Angels and ministers
us! cried my father,—can any soul withstand
——No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tat
we see it; and that so many of our best heads are no better
than a puzzled skein of silk,—all perplexity,—all confusion
within-side.

But when my father read on, and was into the secret, that when a child was turned topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet;—that instead of the cerebrum being propell'd towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propell'd simply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt:
——By heavens! cried he, the world is in a conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us,——and the professors of the obstetric art are listed into the same conspiracy.
——What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum escapes uncrushed?

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself as proper nourishment; and from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand.—This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was scarce a phenomenon of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it;——it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family.——Poor devil, he would say,——he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.—It unriddled the observation of drivellers and monstrous heads,—showing, a priori, it could not be otherwise,
——unless *** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Asiatic genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sun-shine, &c.——which for aught he knew, might as *well rarify* and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing.

preserved;——nay, he [illegible]
that so much as a single thread of the network was [illegible]
or displaced,—so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When my father had got so far,——what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæsarean section, and of the towering geniuses, who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis?—Here you see, he would say, there was no injury done to the sensorium;—no pressure of the head against the pelvis;—no propulsion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the os pubis on this side, or the os coxygis on that;—and, pray, what were the happy consequences?—Why, sir, your Julius Cæsar, who gave the operation a name;—and your Hermes Trismegistus, who was born so before ever the operation had a name;—your Scipio Africanus; your Manlius Torquatus; our Edward the sixth—who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis:———These, and many more, who figured high in the annals of fame,—all came side-way, sir, into the world.

This incision of the abdomen and uterus, run for si[illegible]
[illegible]ther into my father's head;—he had read, and w[illegible]
[illegible]strium, and those in t[illegible]

honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we speak of:——For happening not only to be christen'd, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epsom,—being moreover my mother's first child,—coming into the world with his head foremost,——and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful slow parts,——my father spelt all these together into his opinion; and as he had failed at one end,—he was determined to try the other.

This was not to be expected from one of the sisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way,——and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Dr. Slop was the fittest for my father's purpose;—for tho' his new invented forceps was the armour he had proved, and what he maintained to be the safest instrument of deliverance,—yet it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy;——tho' not with a view to the soul's good in extracting by the feet, as was my father's system,—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This will account for the coalition betwixt my father and Dr. Slop, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my uncle Toby.——In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science,——is hard to conceive.——You may conjecture upon it, if you please,—and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my uncle Toby got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin.——You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage articles,——and show the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called *Tristram*, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, god-fathers and god-mothers not excepted. These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to solve, if you have time;——but, I tell you beforehand, it will be in vain,—for not the sage Alquise, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no less famous Urganda, the sorceress, his wife

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

CHAPTER I.

——"I WISH Dr. Slop, quoth my uncle Toby, (repeating his wish for Dr. Slop a second time, and with a degree of more zeal and earnestness in his manner of wishing, than he had wished at first)* "I wish, Dr. Slop," quoth my uncle Toby, "you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders."

My uncle Toby's wish did Dr. Slop a disservice which his heart never intended any man.——Sir, it confounded him ——and thereby putting his ideas first into confusion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the soul of him.

In all disputes,—male or female,—whether for honour, for profit, or for love,—it makes no difference in the ease;—nothing is more dangerous, madam, than a wish coming sideways in this unexpected manner upon a man: The safest way, in general, to take off the force of the wish, is, for the party wished at, instantly to get up upon his legs, and wish the wisher something in return, of pretty near the same value; —so balancing the account upon the spot, you stand as you

* Vide page 147.

were,—nay, sometimes you gain the advantage of the
by it.

This will be fully illustrated to the world in my e
of wishes,—

Dr. Slop did not understand the nature of this de
——he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire stop
dispute for four minutes and a half;——five had b
tal to it:——My father saw the danger;——the dispu
one of the most interesting disputes in the world; "
ther the child of his prayers and endeavours should b
without a head or with one:"———He waited to
moment, to allow Dr. Slop, in whose behalf the wi
made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I sa
he was confounded, and continued looking with tha
plexed vacuity of eye, which puzzled souls generall
with,—first in my uncle Toby's face—then in his—the
then down—then east—east and by east, and so on,—e
it along by the plinth of the wainscot, till he had got
opposite point of the compass,——and that he had a
begun to count the brass nails upon the arm of his cha
my father thought there was no time to be lost with
cle Toby, so took up the discourse as follows.

CHAPTER II.

——"WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flande
Brother Toby, replied my father, taking his wig fr
his head with his right hand, and with his left pulling
striped India handkerchief from his right coat-poc
order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my
Toby.——

———*Now*, in this, I think my father was mi
blame; and I will give you my reasons for it.

Matters of no more seeming consequence in themselves, than, "Whether my father should have taken off his wig with his right hand or with his left,"—have divided the greatest kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads.—But need I tell you, sir, that the circumstances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its size and shape!——and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing to be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent or not indifferent, just as the case happens!

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he should by no means have suffered his right hand to have got engaged: On the contrary, instead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, call'd out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right hand into his right coat-pocket, and taken it out;—which he might have done without any violence, or the least ungraceful twist in any one tendon or muscle of his whole body.

In this case (unless indeed my father had been resolved to make a fool of himself, by holding the wig stiff in his left hand—or making some nonsensical angle or other at his elbow joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been easy—natural, unforced: Reynolds himself, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he sat.

Now, as my father managed this matter,—consider what a devil of a figure my father made of himself.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the first——"Coat-pockets were cut very low down in the skirt."—I need say no more: The father of mischief, had he been hammering at it a month, could not have contrived a worse fashion for one in my father's situation.

were as lean a [illegible]
diagonally, quite across your whole body, so as to go
bottom of your opposite coat-pocket.——In the yea
thousand seven hundred and eighteen, when this happ
it was extremely difficult: So that when my uncle
discovered the transverse zig-zaggery of my father
proaches towards it, it instantly brought into his mind
he had done duty in, before the gate of St. Nicholas
idea of which, drew off his intention so entirely fro
subject in debate, that he had got his right hand to th
to ring up Trim, to go and fetch his map of Namu
his compasses and sector along with it, to measure
turning angles of the traverses of that attack,—but j
ly of that one, where he received his wound upon his

My father knit his brows, and as he knit them,
blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face,—M
Toby dismounted immediately.

——I did not apprehend your uncle Toby was
back.

made of a gumtaffeta, and the body-lining to it of a saree or thin persian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babylonius, Dionysius H cleotes, Antipater, Panætius and Possidonius amongst Greeks; Cato and Varro and Seneca amongst the Roma —Pantenus and Clemens Alexandrinus and Montai amongst the Christians; and a score and a half of good, nest unthinking, Shandean people, as ever lived, wi names I can't recollect,—all pretended that their jerl were made after this fashion;—you might have rump and crumpled, and doubled and creased, and fretted fridged the outside of them all to pieces;—in short, might have played the very devil with them, and at the s time, not one of the insides of 'em would have been one ton the worse, for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conscience, that mine is made up so what after this sort;—for never poor jerkin has been tick off, at such a rate as it has been these last nine months t ther;—and yet I declare, the lining to it,—as far as I a judge of the matter,—is not a three-penny piece the wor ——pell mell, helter skelter, ding, dong, cut and thr back stroke and fore stroke, side way and long way, h they been trimming it for me;—Had there been the l gumminess in my lining,—by heaven! it had all of it, l ago been frayed and fretted to a thread.

——You, messrs. the monthly reviewers!—how could cut and slash my jerkin as you did?—how did you know you would cut my lining too?

Heartily, and from my soul, to the protection of that ing who will injure none of us, do I recommend you your affairs;—so God bless you:—Only next month, if one of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage me, as some of you did last *May*, (in which I remember weather was very hot)—don't be exasperated, if I pass it again with good temper,—being determined, as long live or write (which, in my case, means the same thing), *ver to give the* honest gentleman a worse word, or a *wish*, than my uncle Toby gave the fly which bit *his nose all* dinner-time,—"Go,—go, poor devil," q

——" get thee gone,—why should I hurt thee? Thi
" is surely wide enough, to hold both thee and me."

CHAPTER V.

ANY man, madam, reasoning upwards, and observ
prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's counten
by means of which, (as all the blood in his body see
rush up into his face, as I told you) he must have re
pictorically and scientifically speaking, six whole ti
a half, if not a full octavo above his natural colour
man, madam, but my uncle Toby, who had observ
together with the violent knitting of my father's brov
the extravagant contortion of his body, during the w
fair,——would have concluded my father in a rag
taking that for granted,—had he been a lover of sue
of concord as arises from two such instruments bei
in exact tune,—he would instantly have screw'd up
the same pitch;—and then the devil and all had brok
—the whole piece, madam, must have been played o
the sixth of Avison Scarlatti—con furia—like mad.-
me patience!—What has con furia,—con strepito,—
other hurlyburly word whatever, to do with harmony

Any man, I say, madam, but my uncle Toby, the
nity of whose heart interpreted every motion of the
in the kindest sense the motion would admit of, wou
concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. M
Toby blamed nothing but the taylor, who cut the
hole;—so sitting still, till my father had got his hand
out of it, and looking all the time up in his face, wi
possible good-will—my father, at length, went on as

CHAPTER VI.

——WHAT prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"

——Brother Toby, quoth my father, I do believe thee to be as honest a man, and with as good and as upright an heart, as ever God created——nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, shall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremost into the world:——but, believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably way lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em,—though these, in my opinion, are well worth considering,—but the dangers and difficulties our children are beset with, after they are got forth into the world, are enow;——little need is there to expose them to unnecessary ones, in their passage to it.——Are these dangers, quoth my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up seriously in his face, for an answer,——are these dangers greater now o' days, brother, than in times past? Brother Toby, answered my father, if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it,——our forefathers never looked further——My uncle Toby instantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raised his head, till he could just see the cornice of the room, and then directing the buccinatory muscles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muscles around his lips to do their duty—he whistled Lillabullero.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILST my uncle Toby was whistling Lillabullero t my father,—Dr. Slop was stamping, and cursing and dam ing at Obadiah, at a most dreadful rate;——it would hav done your heart good, and cured you, sir, forever, of the vil sin of swearing, to have heard him ——I am determine therefore, to relate the whole affair to you.

When Dr. Slop's maid delivered the green baize bag, wit her master's instruments in it, to Obadiah, she very sensibl exhorted him to put his head and one arm through th strings, and ride with it slung across his body: So, unde ing the bow-knot, to lengthen the strings for him, withou any more ado, she helped him on with it. However, as this in some measure, unguarded the mouth of the bag,—les any thing should bolt out, in galloping back at the speed Obadiah threatened, they consulted to take it off again; an in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had take the two strings, and tied them close (pursing up the mout of the bag first) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all safe, had twitched and drawn together with all the strength of his body.

This answered all that Obadiah and the maid intended but was no remedy against some evils which neither he o she foresaw. The instruments, it seems, as tight as the ba was tied above, had so much room to play in it, towards th bottom (the shape of the bag being conical) that Obadia could not make a trot of it, but with such a terrible jingle what with the tire-tete, forceps and squirt, as would hav been enough had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, t have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadia accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot, assayed t *prick his* coach horse into a full gallop—by heaven! sir—— *the jingle* was incredible.

As Obadiah had a wife and three children ——the t *pitude of fornication*, and the many other political ill ca

quences of this jingling, never once entered his brain;——he had, however, his objection, which came home to himself, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greatest patriots——"The poor fellow, sir, was not able to "hear himself whistle."

CHAPTER VIII.

As Obadiah loved wind-music preferably to all the instrumental music he carried with him,——he very considerately set his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he should put himself in a condition of enjoying it.

In all distresses (except musical) where small cords are wanted,—nothing is so apt to enter a man's head as his hat-band:——the philosophy of this is so near the surface—I scorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mix'd case,——mark, sirs,——I say, a mix'd case; for it was obstetrical,—scrip-tical, squirtical, papistical,——and, as far as the coach-horse was concerned in it,—caballistical—and only partly musical;——Obadiah made no scruple of availing himself of the first expedient which offered:——So taking hold of the bag and instruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and, with the finger and thumb of the other, putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then slipping his hand down to the middle of it,—he tied and cross-tied them all fast together, from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with such a multiplicity of roundabouts and intricate cross turns, with a hard knot at every intersection or point where the strings met,—that Dr. Slop must have had three-fifth's of Job's patience at least to have unloosed them.—I think in my conscience, that had *Nature* been in one of her nimble moods, and in humour for such a contest,

Tristram Shandy! that thou art, and ever [illegible] that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had,—thy affairs had not been so depress'd——(at least by the depression of the nose) as they have been: Nor had the fortunes of thy house, and the occasions of making them, which have so often presented themselves in the course of thy life, to thee, been so often, so vexatiously, so tamely, so irrecoverably abandoned—as thou hast been forced to leave them!——But 'tis over,——all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got into the world.

CHAPTER IX.

GREAT wits jump: For the moment Dr. Slop, cast his eyes upon his bag which he had not done till the dispute with

l backwards or forwards, till some little gusts of interest drive them to one side.

n trampling in the room above, near my mother's e proposition the very service I am speaking of. it's unfortunate, quoth Dr. Slop, unless I make thing will actually befal me as it is.

CHAPTER X.

se of knots, by which, in the first place, I would derstood to mean slip-knots, because, in the course and opinions—my opinions concerning them will more properly when I mention the catastrophe at uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy,—a little man,—gh fancy;——he rushed into the duke of Mon-flair:—Nor, secondly, in this place, do I mean icular species of knots, called bow-knots;—there address, or skill, or patience, required in the un-en, that they are below my giving any opinion at them.——But, by the knots I am speaking of, may your reverences to believe, that I mean good, ho-lish tight, hard knots, made bona fide, as Obadiah ; in which there is no quibbling provision made by ation and return of the two ends of the strings he annulus or noose made by the second implica-em—to get them slipp'd and undone by.——I hope hend me.

ease of these knots, then, and of the several ob-, which, may it please your reverences, such knots r way in getting through life——every hasty man out his penknife and cut through them.——'Tis Believe me, sirs, the most virtuous way, and which m and conscience dictate——is to take our teeth gers to them.——Dr. Slop, either by extraordinary

side increased.——Pox take the fellow! I shall n
the knots untied as long as I live.——My mother
groan.——Lend me your penknife——I must c'en
knots at last.——Pugh!—pshaw!—Lord! I have
thumb quite across to the very bone—curse the fe
there was not another man-midwife within fifty mi
am undone for this bout——I wish the scoundrel
——I wish he was shot—I wish all the devils in hell
for a blockhead.

My father had a great respect for Obadiah, and c
bear to hear him disposed of in such a manner;—
moreover some little respect for himself—and coul
bear with the indignity offered to himself in it.

Had Dr. Slop cut any part about him, but his thu
father had pass'd it by——his prudence had triumph
it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

Small curses, Dr. Slop upon great occasions, quod
that, (condoling with him first upon the accident) a
much waste of our strength and soul's health to no
of purpose.——I own it, replied Dr. Slop.——They

quoth my uncle Toby. For this reason, continued
, with the most Cervantic gravity, I have the
eneration in the world for that gentleman, who,
of his own discretion in this point, sat down and
(that is, at his leisure) fit forms of swearing suita-
ases, from the lowest to the highest provocations
ld possibly happen to him,—which forms being
der'd by him, and such moreover as he could stand
t them ever by him on the chimney-piece, within
, ready for use.——I never apprehend, replied
that such a thing was ever thought of,—much less
I beg your pardon—answered my father: I was
hough not using, one of them to my brother Toby
ing, whilst he pour'd out the tea—'tis here upon
over my head;—but if I remember right, 'tis too
r a cut of the thumb.——Not at all, replied Dr.
the devil take the fellow.——Then, answered my
is much at your service, Dr. Slop—on condition
ead it aloud;—so rising up, and reaching down a
xcommunication of the church of Rome, a copy of
y father (who was curious in his collections) had
out of the leger-book of the church of Rochester,
rnulphus the bishop——with a most affected seri-
f look and voice, which might have cajoled *Ernul-*
self,—he put it into Dr. Slop's hands.——Dr,
pt his thumb up in the corner of his handkerchief,
a wry face, though without any suspicion, read
follows,—my uncle Toby whistling Lillabullero, as
e could all the time.

Textus de Ecclesia Roffensi, per Ernulfum

CHAPTER XXV.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis, Patris, et
vitus Sancti, et sanctorum canonum, sanctæq
tuæ Virginis Dei genetricis Mariæ,

As the genuineness of the consultation of t
upon the question of baptism, was doubted
denied by others,—'twas thought proper to prin
of this excommunication; for the copy of whi
dy returns thanks to the chapter clerk of the de
ter of Rochester.

CHAPTER XI.

Y the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and ly Ghost, and of the holy canons, and of the undefiled rgin Mary, mother and patroness of our Saviour,"— ink there is no necessity, quoth Dr. Slop, dropping the r down to his knee, and addressing himself to my fa- ——as you have read it over, sir, so lately, to read it l;—and as Captain Shandy seems to have no great in- tion to hear it,—I may as well read it to myself. That's ary to treaty, replied my father;—besides, there is thing so whimsical, especially in the latter part of it, uld grieve to lose the pleasure of a second reading. Dr. did not altogether like it,——but my uncle Toby offer- it that instant to give over whistling, and read it him- o them;—Dr. Slop thought he might as well read it r the cover of my uncle Toby's whistling,—as suffer ncle Toby to read it alone;——so, raising up the paper s face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to his chagrin,——he read it aloud as follows,——my un- oby whistling Lillabullero, though not quite so loud as e.]

cantieum cantare novum, et sanctorum martyru
sanctorum confessorum, et sanctarum virginum,
omnium simul sanctorum et electorum Dei,—Excom
vel os s vel os
camus, et anathematizamus hunc furem, vel hunc ma
s
torem, N. N. et a limnibus sanctæ Dei ecclesiæ sequ
vel i n
mus, et æternis supplicüs, exeruciandus, mancipetur,
Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino
Recede a nobis, scientiam viarum tuarum nolumus:
vel eor
cut aqua ignis extinguitur, sic extinguatur lucerna ej
n
secula seculorum nisi respuerit, et ad satisfactionem
n
rit. Amen.

os
Maledicat illum Deus Pater, qui hominem creavit.

os

" By the authority of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and " Holy Ghost, and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mother " and patroness of our Saviour, and of all the celestial vir- " tues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, powers, cheru- " bins and seraphins, and of all the holy patriarchs, pro- " phets, and of all the apostles and evangelists, and of the " holy innocents, who, in the sight of the Holy Lamb, are " found worthy to sing the new song of the holy martyrs " and holy confessors, and of the holy virgins, and of all the " saints together, with the holy and elect of God, may he" (Obadiah) " be damn'd," (for tying these knots)———— " We excommunicate, and anathematise him, and from the " thresholds of the holy church of God Almighty we seques- " ter him, that he may be tormented, disposed and delivered " over with Dathan and Abiram, and with those who say " unto the Lord God, depart from us, we desire none of thy " ways. And as fire is quenched with water, so let the light " of him be put out for evermore, unless it shall repent him" " (Obadiah, of the knots which he has tied) " and make satis- " faction for them. Amen.

" May the father who created man, curse him.———— " May the Son who suffered for us, curse him.———May " the Holy Ghost who was given to us in baptism, curse him" " (Obadiah)———May the holy cross, which Christ for our " salvation, triumphing over his enemies, ascended,—curse " him.

" May the holy and eternal Virgin Mary, mother of God, " curse him—May St. Michael, the advocate of holy souls, " curse him—May all the angels and archangels, principalities " and powers, and all the heavenly armies, curse him." (Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby,

...arum. Ma...

...ipatus et potestates, ...

os

...dicat illum patriarcharum et prophetaru...

...nerus. Maledicat illum sanctus Johannes Precursor et

os

...ptista Christi, et sanctus Petrus, et sanctus Paulus, atque

...nctus Andreas, omnesque Christi apostoli simul, et caeteri

...iscipuli, quatuor quoque evangelistae, qui sua praedicatione

os

mundum universum converterunt. Maledicat illum cuneus

martyrum et confessorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis operibus

placitus inventus est.

os

Maledicant illum sacrarum virginum chori, quae mundi

vana, causa honoris Christi, respuenda contempserunt. Ma...

os

...ledicant illum omnes sancti qui ab initio mundi usque

finem seculi Deo dilecti inveniuntur.

os

...licant illum cœli et terra, et omnia sanct...

n... sive in domo, ... in...

but nothing to this. For my own part, I could not have a heart to curse my dog so.]

" May the praise worthy multitude of patriarchs and pro-
" phets, curse him.

" May St. John, the precursor, and St. John the Baptist,
" and St. Peter and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and all other
" Christ's apostles together, curse him; and may the rest of
" his disciples, and four evangelists, who, by their preaching,
" converted the universal world—and may the holy and won-
" derful company of martyrs and confessors, who, by their
" holy works are found pleasing to God Almighty, curse him"
(Obadiah.)

" May the holy choir of the holy virgins, who, for the
" honour of Christ, have despised the things of the world,
" damn him——May all the saints, who, from the beginning
" of the world to everlasting ages, are found to be beloved
" of God, damn him,—may the heavens and earth, and all
" the holy things remaining therein, damn him," (Obadiah)
" or her," (or whoever else had a hand in tying these knots,)

" May he" (Obadiah) " be damn'd wherever he be,—whe-
" ther in the house or the stables, the garden or the field, or
" the highway, or in the path, or in the wood, or in the
" water, or in the church.—May he be cursed in living, in
" dying." [Here my uncle Toby taking the advantage of a minim in the second bar of his tune, kept whistling one continual note to the end of the sentence—Dr. Slop, with his division of curses moving under him like a running bass all the way.] " May he be cursed in eating and drinking, in
" being hungry, in being thirsty, in fasting, in sleeping, in
" slumbering, in walking, in standing, in sitting, in lying,
" in working, in resting, in pissing, in shitting, and in blood-
" letting.

" May he" (Obadiah) " be cursed in all the functions of his
" body.

ture, in humeris, in carnis, in [illegible] — —
digitis, in pectore, in corde, et in omnibus interioribus
usque ad imum tenus, in renibus, in inguinibus, in femore, in
talibus, in coxis, in genubus, in cruribus, in pedibus,
unguibus.

i n

Maledictus sit in totis compagibus membrorum, a v
capitis, usque ad plantam pedis—non sit in eo sanitas.

os

Maledicat illum Christus Filius Dei vivi, toto suæ p
tis imperio—

"May he be cursed inwardly and outwardly—May he be "cursed in the hair of his head—May he be cursed in his "brains, and in his vertex," [That is a sad curse, quoth my father] "in his temples, in his forehead, in his ears, in his "eye-brows, in his eyes, in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in "his nostrils, in his fore-teeth and grinders, in his lips, in his "throat, in his shoulders, in his wrists, in his arms, in his "hands, in his fingers.

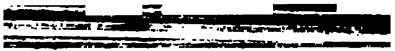
"May he be damn'd in his mouth, in his breast, in his "heart and purtenance, down to the very stomach.

"May he be cursed in his veins, and in his groin," [God in heaven forbid, quoth my uncle Toby]—"In his thighs, in "his genitals," [My father shook his head] "and in his hips, "and in his knees, his legs, and feet, and toe-nails.

"May he be cursed in all the joints and articulations of his "members, from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, "—may there be no soundness in him.

"May the Son of the living God, with all the glory of his "Majesty"—[Here my uncle Toby throwing back his head, gave a monstrous long, loud Whew—w—w—something betwixt the interjectional whistle of Hey-day! and the word itself.

———By the golden beard of Jupiter——and of Juno (if her majesty wore one), and by the beards of the rest of your heathen worships, which, by the bye, was no small number, since what with the beards of your celestial gods, and gods aërial and aquatic,——to say nothing of the beards of town gods and country gods, or of the celestial goddesses your wives, or of the infernal goddesses your whores and concubines, (that is, in case they wore 'em)———all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when mustered up together, made no less than thirty thousand effective beards upon the pagan establishment;——every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being stroked and sworn by:——By all these beards together then,——I vow and protest, that of the two bad cassocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the best



as ever Cid Hamet offered his,——only to have stood by, and heard my uncle Toby's accompaniment.]

——" Curse him,"——continued Dr. Slop,——" and may " heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rise up " against him, curse and damn him" (Obadiah) " unless he " repent and make satisfaction. Amen. So be it,—so be it. " Amen."

I declare, quoth my uncle Toby, my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.——He is the father of curses, replied Dr. Slop.——So am not I, replied my uncle.——But he is cursed and damn'd already to all eternity, replied Dr. Slop.

I am sorry for it, quoth my uncle Toby.

Dr. Slop drew up his mouth, and was just beginning to return my uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—or interjectional whistle,—when the door hastily opening in the next chapter but one—put an end to the affair.

CHAPTER XII.

NOW, don't let us give ourselves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours, are our own; and, because we have the spirit to swear them,—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world except to a connoisseur,—tho' I declare I object only to a connoisseur in swearing,—as I would do to a connoisseur in painting, &c. &c. the whole set of 'em are so hung round and befetish'd with the bobs and trinkets of criticism,—or to drop my metaphor, which by the bye is a pity,—for I have *fetch'd* it as far as from the coast of Guinea,——their heads *sir*, are stuck so full of rules and compasses, and have so *eternal* propensity to apply them upon all occasions, the

thus,——stopping, as it the point wanted settling; and twixt the nominative, which your lordship knows should vern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue, a de times, three seconds and three-fifths, by a stop-watch, lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!——But, in pending his voice——was the sense suspended likewi Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up chasm?———Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly lo ——I look'd only at the stop-watch, my lord———Excel observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes a a rout about!———Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord, quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the f corners was a right angle——I had my rule and compas &c. my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

———And for the epic poem, your lordship bid me l at;—upon taking the length, breadth, heighth, and de of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of I su's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.- Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in, to take a look at the grand pict

heart will give up the reins of his imagination thor's hands,—be pleased he knows not why, an wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humor, I ask no more, but one stroke of native hum single spark of thy own fire along with it—and ry, with the rules and compasses, if he can be my compliments to—no matter.

Now, to any one else, I will undertake to pr the oaths and imprecations, which we have beer upon the world for these two hundred and fif past, as originals,—except St. Paul's thumb,—Go God's fish, which were oaths monarchical, and, who made them, not much amiss; and as king' not much matter whether they were fish or fl say, there is not an oath, or at least a curse am which has not been copied over and over again o phus, a thousand times; but, like all other copi nitely short of the force and spirit of the orig thought to be no bad oath, and by itself passes " G—d damn you."—Set it beside Ernulphus's—(ty the Father damn you,——God the Son damn y the Holy Ghost damn you,"——you see 'tis nothin is an orientality in his, we cannot rise up to: B more copious in his invention,——possess'd more lencies of a swearer,——had such a thorough k the human frame, its membranes, nerves, liga tings of the joints, and articulations,—that when cursed, no part escaped him——'Tis true, there of a hardness in his manner,——and, as in Mich a want of grace,—but then there is such a greatn

My father, who generally looked upon every light very different from all mankind, would, af allow this to be an original.——He consider'd E phus's anathema, as an institute of swearing, i he suspected, upon the decline of swearing in pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the then *had*, with great learning and diligence, collec *the laws of it*;—for the same reason that

was not all oath from the great and tremendous oath o liam the Conqueror, (By the splendour of God) down lowest oath of a scavenger (Dam your eyes) which was be found in Ernulphus.——In short, he would add,—— a man to swear out of it.

The hypothesis is, like most of my father's, singula ingenious too;————nor have I any objection to it, bu it overturns my own.

CHAPTER XIII.

——BLESS my soul!——my poor mistress is rea faint,——and her pains are gone,——and the drops are d and the bottle of jalap is broke,——and the nurse has e arm,——(and I my thumb, cried Dr. Slop)——and the ch where it was, continued Susannah.——and the midwif

become of the garrison of Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in the year Ten.—Nor, replied Dr. Slop, (parodying my uncle Toby's hobby-horsical reflection, tho' full as hobby-horsically himself)—do I know, Captain Shandy, what might have become of the garrison above stairs, in the mutiny and confusion I find all things are in at present, but for the subordination of fingers and thumbs to ****—the application of which, sir, under this accident of mine, comes in so apropos, that, without it, the cut upon my thumb might have been felt by the Shandy family, as long as the Shandy family had a name.

CHAPTER XIV.

LET us go back to the ****—in the last chapter.

It is a singular stroke of eloquence, (at least it was so, when eloquence flourished at Athens and Rome, and would be so now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you, in petto, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pink'd-doublet, a rusty helmet, a pound and a half of pot ashes in an urn, or a three-half penny pickle-pot,—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred,—— tho' if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's second Philippic,—it must certainly have beshit the orator's mantle;——and then again, if too old—it must have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action,—so as to make him lose by his child almost as much as he could gain by it. ———Otherwise, when a state orator has hit the precise age to a minute,—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle so cunningly that no mortal could smell it,—and produced it so critically, that no soul could say, it came in by head and shoulders,——Oh, sirs! it has done wonders.———It has

open'd the sluices, and turn'd the brains, and shook the
ciples, and unhinged the politics of half a nation.

These feats, however, are not to be done, except in
states and times, I say, where orators wore mantles,—
pretty large ones too, my brethren, with some twen
five and twenty yards of good purple, superfine, mark
cloth in them—with large flowing folds and doubles, a
a great style of design. All which plainly shows, n
please your worships, that the decay of eloquence, an
little good service it does at present, both within and w
doors, is owing to nothing else in the world, but short
and the disuse of trunk-hose.——We can conceal n
under ours, madam, worth showing.

CHAPTER XV.

DR. SLOP was within an ace of being an exception
this argumentation: For happening to have his green
bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my unel
by,—'twas as good as the best mantle in the world to
For which purpose, when he foresaw the sentence
end in his new-invented forceps, he thrust his hand int
bag, in order to have them ready to clap in, when yo
verences took so much notice of the ****, which, h
managed,—my uncle Toby had certainly been overthr
The sentence and the argument in that case jumping c
in one point, so like the two lines which form the salie
gle of a ravelin,—Dr. Slop would never have given
up;—and my uncle Toby would as soon thought of f
as taking them by force: But Dr. Slop fumbled so vil
pulling them out, it took off the whole effect; and,
was a ten times worse evil, (for they seldom come alo
this life:) in pulling out his forceps, his forceps unfortu
drew out the squirt along with it.

hem a proposition can be taken in tw
sputation, That the respondent may
wo he pleases, or finds most convenien
w the advantage of the argument qu
y's side.—" Good God!" cried my un
ildren brought into the world with a sq

CHAPTER XVI.

UPON my honour, sir, you have tore ever
e off the back of both my hands, with you
my uncle Toby; and you have crush'd all n
he bargain, with them, to a jelly. 'Tis your
r. Slop,—you should have clinch'd your tw
nto the form of a child's head, as I told you, a
did so, answered my uncle Toby.——Then
forceeps have not been sufficiently arm'd, o
closing, or else the cut of my thumb has m
kward, or possibly————'Tis well, quot
errupting the detail of possibilities,—that th
s not first made upon my child's head pie
ot have been a cherry-stone the worse, answ
aintain it, said my uncle Toby, it would ha
ellum, (unless, indeed, the skull had been a
) and turned it all into a perfect posset.
. Slop, a child's head is naturally as so
apple;—the sutures give way,—and
extracted by the feet after.——Not
ther wish you would begin that way, q

added my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XVII.

—AND pray, good woman, after all, will you t
you to say, it may not be the child's hip, as well as t
head? 'Tis most certainly the head! replied the
Because, continued Dr. Slop, (turning to my fathe
tive as these old ladies generally are,—'tis a point
cult to know, and yet of the greatest consequen
known; because, sir, if the hip is mistaken for
there is a possibility, (if it is a boy) that the forece
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

—What the possibility was, Dr. Slop whispe
low to my father and then to my uncle Toby.—
no such danger, continued he with the head.—
truth, quoth my father;—but when your possi
taken place at the hip,—you may as well take off
too.

—It is morally impossible the reader should u
this,—'tis enough Dr. Slop understood it; so taking
baize bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's p
tripp'd pretty nimbly, for a man of his size, across
to the door,—and from the door was shown the wa
good old midwife, to my mother's apartment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT is two hours and ten minutes,——and no mo
my father, looking at his watch, since Dr. Slop an
arrived,—and I know not how it happens, brothe
but to my imagination, it seems almost an age.

——Here—pray, sir, take hold of my cap,—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, sir, they are all at your service; and I freely make you a present of 'em, on condition, you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father said, "he knew not how it happen'd,"—yet he knew very well how it happen'd;—and at the instant he spoke it, was pre-determined in his mind, to give my uncle Toby a clear account of the matter, by a metaphysical dissertation upon the subject of duration, and its simple modes, in order to show my uncle Toby, by what mechanism and mensurations in the brain it came to pass, that the rapid succession of their ideas, and the eternal scampering of the discourse from one thing to another, since Dr. Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out so short a period to so inconceivable an extent.—"I know not how it happens," cried my father,—"but it seems an age."

——'Tis owing entirely, quoth my uncle Toby, to the succession of our ideas.

My father who had an itch, in common with all philosophers, of reasoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too,—proposed infinite pleasure to himself in this, of the succession of ideas, and had not the least apprehension of having it snatch'd out of his hands by my uncle Toby, who (honest man!) generally took every thing as it happened;—and who, of all things in the world, troubled his brain the least with abstruse thinking. The ideas of time and space,—or how we came by these ideas,—or of what stuff they were made,—or whether they were born with us,—or we pick'd them up afterwards, as we went along,—or whether we did it in frocks—or not till we had got into breeches,—with a thousand other inquiries and disputes about *infinity*, *prescience*, *liberty*, *necessity*, and so forth, upon whose desperate and unconquerable theories, so many fine heads have been turned and cracked,—never did my uncle Toby's the least injury at all; my father knew it, and was no less surprised than he was disappointed with my uncle's fortuitous solution.

Do you understand the theory of that affair? rep
father.

Not I, quoth my uncle.

——But you have some ideas, said my father, of w
talk about?——

No more than my horse, replied my uncle Toby.

Gracious Heaven! cried my father, looking u
and clasping his two hands together,—there is a w
thy honest ignorance, brother Toby,—'twere almo
to exchange it for a knowledge—But I'll tell thee,—

To understand what time is aright, without whic
ver can comprehend infinity, insomuch as one is a
of the other, we ought seriously to sit down, and
what idea it is we have of duration, so as to give a
tory account how we came by it.—What is that to an
quoth my uncle Toby. *For if you will turn your
wards upon your mind, continued my father, and
attentively, you will perceive brother, that whilst yo
are talking together, and thinking and smoking ou
or whilst we receive successively ideas in our mi
know that we do exist, and so we estimate the exist
the continuation of the existence of ourselves, or an
else commensurate to the succession of any ideas
minds, the duration of ourselves, or any such othe
co-existing with our thinking;—and so, according
pre-conceived.——You puzzle me to death, cried m
Toby.

——'Tis owing to this, replied my father, that,
computations of time, we are so used to minutes
weeks and months,—and of clocks (I wish there wa
clock in the kingdom) to measure out their several
to us, and to those who belong to us,—that 'twill be
in time to come, the succession of our ideas be of an
service to us at all.

Now, whether we observe it or not, continued my
in every sound man's head, there is a regular succe
ideas of one sort or other, which follow each other in

* *Vid. Locke.*

just like—A train of artillery? said my uncl
train of fiddlestick!—quoth my father——whic
succeed one another in our minds at certain di
like the images in the inside of a lantern, turne
the heat of a candle. I declare, quoth my
mine are more like a smoke-jack. Then, brot
have nothing more to say to you upon the subj
father.

CHAPTER XIX.

——WHAT a conjuncture was here lost!—
one of his best explanatory moods,—in eager
metaphysical point into the very regions wher
thick darkness would soon have encompassed it
uncle Toby, in one of the finest dispositions
world;—his head like a smoke-jack; the fum
and the ideas whirling round and round about
fuscated and darkened over with fuliginous
the tomb-stone of Lucian—if it is in being,—if n
by his ashes! by the ashes of my dear Rabelais
Cervantes!—my father and my uncle Toby's di
time and *eternity*,—was a discourse devoutly
for! and the petulancy of my father's humour,
stop to it, as he did, was a robbery of the Ontol
of such a jewel, as no coalition of great occasio
men, are ever likely to restore to it again.

CHAPTER XX.

THO' my father persisted in not going on course,—yet he could not get my uncle. Toby out of his head:—Piqued as he was at first was something in the comparison, at the bott his fancy; for which purpose, resting his el table, and reclining the right side of his head of his hand,—but looking first stedfastly in t gan to commune with himself, and philosop But his spirits being wore out with the fatig gating new tracts, and the constant exertion upon that variety of subjects which had take the discourse,—the idea of the smoke-jack soo ideas upside down,—so that he fell asleep aln knew what he was about.

As for my uncle Toby, his smoke-jack ha dozen revolutions, before he fell asleep also. them both!——Dr. Slop is engaged with the my mother above stairs. Trim is busy in t pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to in the siege of Messina next summer,—and boring the touch-holes with the point of a h my heroes are off my hands:—'Tis the first ti a moment to spare, and I'll make use of it, preface.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

NO, I'll not say a word about it:—Here it is:—in publishing it,—I have appealed to the world,—and to the world I leave it;——it must speak for itself.

All I know of the matter is,——when I sat down, my intent was to write a good book; and, as far as the tenuity of my understanding would hold out,—a wise, aye, and a discreet,——taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and judgment (be it more or less) which the great Author and Bestower of them had thought fit originally to give me;——so that, as your worships see,—'tis just as God pleases.

Now, Agalastes (speaking dispraisingly) sayeth, That there may be some wit in it, for aught he knows,——but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, ask, How is it possible there should?—for that wit and judgment in this world never go together: Inasmuch, as they are two operations, differing from each other as wide as east is from west.——So says Locke:——So are farting and hickuping, says I. But, in answer to this, Didius the great church lawyer, in his code, De fartandi et illustrandi fallaciis, doth maintain and make fully appear, That an illustration is no argument,—nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean, to be a syllogism;—but you all, may it please your worships, see the better for it;—so that the main good these things do, is only to clarify the understanding, previous to the application of the argument itself, in order to free it from any little motes or specks of opacular matter, which, if left swimming therein, might hinder a conception, and spoil all.

Now, my dear Anti-Shandeans, and thrice able critics and fellow-labourers, (for to you I write this preface;——and to *you most* subtle statesmen and discreet doctors, (so,—pull off *your beards*) renowned for gravity and wisdom;——

polos, my politician;—Didius my counsel;—Kysarcit
friend;—Phutatorius, my guide;—Gastripheres, the
ver of my life;—Somnolentius, the balm and repose
—not forgetting all others, as well sleeping as waking,
clesiastical as civil, whom, for brevity, but out of no
ment to you, I lump all togethre,———Believe, m
worthy.

My most zealous wish and fervent prayer in your
and in my own too, in case the thing is not done alre
us,——is, that the great gifts and endowments, both
and judgment, with every thing which usually goes
with them,——such as memory, fancy, genius, eloq
quick parts, and what not, may this precious momen
out stint or measure, let or hinderance, be poured
warm as each of us could bear it,—scum and sedime
all, (for I would not have a drop lost) into the several
tacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectori
spare-places of our brains,—in such sort, that they
continue to be injected and tunn'd into, according to t
intent and meaning of my wish, until every vessel of
both great and small, be so replenished, saturated an
up therewith, that no more, would it save a man's life
possibly be got either in or out.

Bless us!—what noble work we should make!—how
I tickle it off!—and what spirits should I find myself
be writing away for such readers!—And you, just h
with what raptures would you sit and read,—But oh!—
much;——I am sick, I faint away deliciously at the th
of it!——'tis more than nature can bear!—Lay hold
—I am giddy,—I am stone-blind,——I am dying,——I a
————Help! Help! Help!——But hold,—I grow
thing better again, for I am beginning to foresee, wh
is over, that as we shall all of us continue to be great
we should never agree amongst ourselves, one day to a
——There would be so much satire and sarcasm,—s
and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it,—th
and parrying in one corner or another,—there would
thing but mischief amongst us.——Chaste stars! w
ing and scratching, and what a racket and clatter

make! what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckles, and hitting of sore places, there would be no such thing as living for us.

But then, again, as we should all of us be men of great judgment, we should make up matters as fast as ever they went wrong;—and though we should abominate each other, ten times worse than so many devils or devilesses, we should, nevertheless, my dear creatures, be all courtesy and kindness,——milk and honey;——'twould be a second land of promise,——a paradise upon earth, if there was such a thing to be had;——so that, upon the whole, we should have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what most distresses my invention at present is, how to bring the point itself to bear; for, as your worships well know, that, of these heavenly emanations of wit and judgment, which I have so bountifully wished both for your worships and myself,——there is but a certain quantum stored up for us all, for the use and behoof of the whole race of mankind;—and such small modicums of 'em are only sent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye corner or another,——and in such narrow streams, and at such prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be sufficient for the wants and emergencies of so many great states and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be considered, that in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all those cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the artic and antartic circles,——where the whole province of a man's concernments lies, for near nine months together, within the narrow compass of his cave,—where the spirits are compressed almost to nothing,—and where the passions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itself;——there, the least quantity of judgment imaginable, does the business;—and, of wit,—there is a total and an absolute saving;—for, as not one spark is wanted,—so not one spark is given. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—*What* a dismal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a tr

Finland, and the north-east of the Baltic, up to Petersbu
and just stepping into Ingria;——then stretching over
rectly from thence, thro' the north parts of the Russian
pire,——leaving Siberia a little upon the left hand, till
get into the very heart of the Russian and Asiatic Tarta

Now, thro' this long tour which I have led you, you
serve the good people are better off by far, than in the p
countries which we have just left:——For, if you hold
hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you
perceive some small glimmerings (as it were) of wit, wh
comfortable provision of good plain household judgm
which, taking the quality and quantity of it together,
make a very good shift with;——and, had they not
either the one or the other, it would destroy the proper
lance betwixt them,—and I am satisfied, moreover,
would want occasions to put them to use.

Now, sir, if I conduct you home again into this wa
and more luxuriant island, where you perceive the spi
tide of our blood and humours run high,—where we
more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and

sometimes, for near half a century together, there shall be very little wit or judgment, either to be seen or heard of amongst us:———The small channels of them shall seem quite dried up,——then, all of a sudden, the sluices shall break out and take a fit of running again like fury;—you would think they would never stop:——And then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by these observations, and a wary reasoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative process, which Suidas calls dialectic induction,—that I draw and set up this position as most true and veritable,—

That of these two luminaries, so much of their irradiations are suffered from time to time to shine down upon us, as He, whose infinite wisdom, which dispenses every thing in exact weight and measure, knows will just serve to light us on our way, in this night of our obscurity; so that your reverences and worships now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal it from you, That the fervent wish in your behalf with which I set out, was no more than the first insinuating How d'ye of a caressing prefacer, stifling his reader, as a lover sometimes does a coy mistress, into silence. For alas! could this effusion of light have been as easily procured, as the exordium wished it——I tremble to think how many thousands, for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned sciences at least) must have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives—running their heads against posts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journey's end;—some falling with their noses perpendicularly into stinks,—others, horizontally, with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profession tilting full butt against the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling, one over the other in the dirt, like hogs.——Here, the brethren of another profession, who should have run in opposition to each other, flying, on the contrary, like a flock of wild geese all in a row, the same way.——What confusion!—what mistakes!—fiddlers *and painters* judging by their eyes and ears—admirable!—*trusting to the passions excited in an air sung, or a very*

pointed to the heart,—instead of measuring them by a drant.

In the fore ground of this picture, a statesman tu the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way ro against the stream of corruption—by heaven! inste with it.

In this corner, a son of the divine Esculapius, wri book against predestination; perhaps worse,—feeling tient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's.——A broth the faculty in the back ground upon his knees in te drawing the curtains of a mangled victim, to beg his fo ness,—offering a fee, instead of taking one.

In that spacious *hall*, a coalition of the gown, from bars of it, driving a damn'd, dirty, vexatious cause them, with all their might and main, the wrong way kicking it out of the great doors instead of in,—and such fury in their looks, and such a degree of inve in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had bee ginally made for the peace and preservation of man —perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by still,—a litigated point fairly hung up;——for ins Whether John O'Nokes his nose could stand in Tom O his face, without a trespass, or not,—rashly determin them in five and twenty minutes, which, with the ea pro's and con's required in so intricate a proceeding, have taken up as many months,—and if carried on the military plan, as your honours know an *Action* be, with all the stratagems practicable therein,—st feints,—forced marches,—surprizes,—ambuscades,— batteries, and a thousand other strokes of generalship, consist in catching at all advantages on both sides,— reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of th fession.

As for the clergy——No——if I say a word against I'll be shot——I have no desire;—and besides, if I ha *I dare not* for my soul touch upon the subject.—— *such weak nerves* and spirits, and in the condition I *at present*, 'twould be as much as my life was worth

ject and contrist myself with so sad and melancholy an account;——and therefore, 'tis safer to draw a curtain across, and hasten from it, as fast as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up—and that is, How it comes to pass, that your men of least wit are reported to be men of most judgment————But mark,—I say, reported to be,—for it is no more, my dear sirs, than a report, and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observations already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worships, I shall forthwith make appear.

I hate set dissertations,—and, above all things in the world, 'tis one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall opaque words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception,——when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once ———" For what hinderance, hurt or harm, doth the laudable desire of knowledge bring to any man, if even from " a sot, a pot, a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a truckle for " a pully, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil bottle, an " old slipper, or a cane chair?"————I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment by the two knobs on the top of the back of it?——They are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimblet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see thro' the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

————Here stands wit,————and there stands judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I'm speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

————You see, they are the highest and most ornamental *part of its* frame—as wit and judgment are of ours,—and *like them* too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together

in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated
ments,—to answer one another.

Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for t
illustrating this matter,—let us for a moment, tak
of these two curious ornaments (I care not which)
point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on;—
laugh at it.—But did you ever see in the whole
your lives such a ridiculous business as this has m
———Why, 'tis as miserable a sight as a sow
ear; and there is just as much sense and symme
one, as in the other;—do,—pray get off your seat
take a view of it.—Now, would any man, who
character a straw, have turned a piece of work
hand in such a condition!——nay, lay your hands
hearts, and answer this plain question, Whether
single knob, which now stands here like a blockh
self, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to p
mind of the want of the other?—and let me farth
case the chair was your own, if you would not in
sciences think, rather than be as it is, that it woul
times better without any knob at all?

Now, these two knobs———or top orname
mind of man, which crown the whole entablatu
ing, as I said, wit and judgment, which, of all ot
have proved it, are the most needful,——the most
the most calamitous to be without, and consequ
hardest to come at;——for all these reasons put
there is not a mortal amongst us, so destitute of
good fame or feeding,———or so ignorant of
do him good therein,——who does not wish and
resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought,
master of the one or the other, and, indeed, of both
if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to b
to pass.

Now, your grave gentry having little or no kind
in aiming at the one,——unless they laid hold of t
——*pray* what do you think would become of t
Why, sirs, in spight of all their gravities, they
have been contented to have gone with their ins

——This was not to be borne, but by an effort of philos not to be supposed in the case we are upon,—so that no could well have been angry with them, had they been fied with what little they could have snatched up ar erected under their cloaks and great periwigs, had the raised a hue and cry at the same time against the h owners.

I need not tell your worships, that this was done wi much cunning and artifice——that the great Locke, was seldom outwitted by false sounds,——was neverth bubbled here. The cry, it seems, was so deep and sole one, and, what with the help of great wigs, grave faces other implements of deceit, was rendered so general a against the poor wits in this matter, that the philos himself was deceived by it:——It was his glory to fre world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errours,— but this was not of the number; so that, instead of s down cooly, as such a philosopher should have don have examined the matter of fact before he philosop upon it; on the contrary, he took the fact for granted so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterou the rest.

This has been made the magna charta of stupidity since;—but your reverences plainly see it has been did in such a manner, that the title to it is not worth a g ——which by the bye, is one of the many and vile sitions which gravity and grave folks have to answe hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to spoken my mind too freely,—I beg leave to qualify wha has been unguardedly said to their dispraise or prejudi one general declaration——That I have no abhorrence ever, nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or beards,—any farther than when I see they are bespok let grow, on purpose to carry on this self-same impos for any purpose,——Peace be with them!—[illegible] —I write not for them.

CHAPTER XXI.

EVERY day, for at least ten years togeth
ther resolve to have it mended——'tis not m
No family but ours, would have borne with i
and, what is most astonishing, there was not
world upon which my father was so eloquen
of door-hinges;——and yet at the same time,
ly one the greatest bubbles to them, I thin
can produce: His rhetoric and conduct we
handy-cuffs.————Never did the parlour
his philosophy or his principles fell a victim
drops of oil with a feather, and a smart strok
had saved his honour for ever.

——Inconsistent soul that man is!——
der wounds which he has the power to heal
life a contradiction to his knowledge!——h
precious gift of God to him—(instead of pour
ing but to sharpen his sensibilities,——to mu
and render him more melancholy and uneas
——Poor unhappy creature that he should
not the necessary causes of misery in this lif
must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorr
against evils which cannot be avoided, and s
which a tenth part of the trouble they cre
remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous! if there
of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found
of Shandy-Hall,——the parlour door hinge sh
this reign.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his tw
bear, he was delighted with his handy-work ab
and knowing what a pleasure it would be to
see them, he was not able to resist the desire h
rying them directly into his parlour.

Now, next to the moral lesson I had in view,
ing the affair of hinges, I had a speculative
arising out of it, and it is this:

Had the parlour door open'd and turn'd upo
as a door should do—

——Or, for example, as cleverly as our
has been turning upon its hinges,—(that is, it
have all along gone well with your worship—
give up my simile)—in this case, I say, there
danger either to master or man in Corporal Tr
in: The moment he had beheld my father a
Toby fast asleep,——the respectfulness of his
such, he would have retired as silent as death, a
both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as
them; but the thing was, morally speaking, so
ticable, that for the many years in which this h
fered to be out of order, and amongst the hour
my father submitted to upon its account,——
that he never folded his arms to take his nap s
but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakene
person who should open the door, was always t
his imagination, and so incessantly stupp'd in
and the first balmy presage of his repose, as to
he often declared, of the whole sweets of it.

"When things move upon bad hinges, an
worships, how can it be otherwise?"

Pray what's the matter? Who is there? ex
waking the moment the door began to creak.
the smith would give a peep at that comfor

'Tis nothing, an' please your honour, said Trim, l
mortars I am bringing in———They shan't make a
with them here, cried my father hastily.———If I
has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitche
May it please your honour, cried Trim,——they
mortar-pieces for a siege next summer, which I hav
making out of a pair of jack-boots, which Obadiah
your honour had left off wearing.—By heaven! crie
ther, springing out of his chair as he swore,——I h
one appointment belonging to me, which I set a
store by, as I do by these jack-boots: They were ou
grandfather's brother Toby,——they were hereditar
I fear, quoth my uncle Toby, Trim has cut off th
——I have only cut off the tops, an' please your
cried Trim.——Zounds! I hate perpetuities as muc
man alive, cried my father;——but these jack-boot
nued he, (smiling, tho' very angry at the same tim
been in the family, brother, ever since the civil wa
Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marston-
declare I would not have taken ten pounds for the
I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy, quoth m
Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleas
putting his hand into his breeches-pocket, as he view
——I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment, with
heart and soul.

Brother Toby, replied my father, altering his t
care not what money you dissipate and throw away
ed, continued he, 'tis but upon a siege.——Have I
hundred and twenty pounds a year, besides my h
cried my uncle Toby.——What is that—replied my
hastily—to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?—
guineas for your pontons?—half as much for you
draw-bridge?—to say nothing of the train of little
tillery you bespoke last week, with twenty other
tions for the siege of Messina: Believe me, dear bro
by, continued my father, taking him kindly by t
these military operations of yours are above your s
you mean well, brother—but they carry you into ex
enses than you were at first aware of;—and take

dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.—What signifies it if they do, brother, replied my uncle Toby, so long as we know 'tis for the good of the nation?

My father could not help smiling for his soul;—his anger at the worst, was never more than a spark;—and the zeal and simplicity of Trim,—and the generous (tho' hobby-horsical) gallantry of my uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good humour with them in an instant.

Generous souls!——God prosper you both, and your mortar-pieces too, quoth my father to himself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ALL is quiet and hush, cried my father, at least above stairs——I hear not one foot stirring.——Prithee, Trim, who is in the kitchen? There is not one soul in the kitchen, answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, except Dr. Slop.————Confusion! cried my father, (getting up upon his legs a second time)—not one single thing has gone right this day! Had I faith in astrology, brother, (which, by the bye, my father had) I would have sworn some retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate house of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place. ————Why, I thought Dr. Slop had been above stairs with my wife, and so said you.——What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?—He is busy, an' please your honour, replied Trim, in making a bridge.——'Tis very obliging in him, quoth my uncle Toby;——pray give my humble service to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

You must know my uncle Toby mistook the bridge as widely as my father mistook the mortars;—but to understand how my uncle Toby could mistake the bridge,—I be

I must give you an exact account of the road whicl
it;——or, to drop my metaphor, (for there is nothin
dishonest in an historian, than the use of one)—in o
conceive the probability of this errour in my uncl
aright, I must give you some account of an advent
Trim's, tho' much against my will; I say much agai
will, only because the story, in one sense, is certai
of its place here; for by right, it should come in
amongst the anecdotes of my uncle Toby's amour
widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no
actor,——or else in the middle of his and my uncle
campaigns on the bowling-green,—for it will do ver
in either place:——But then if I reserve it for eit
those parts of my story,—I ruin the story I'm upon
if I tell it here,—I anticipate matters, and ruin it the
——What would your worships have me to do i
case?

——Tell it Mr. Shandy, by all means.—You are
Tristram, if you do.

O ye *Powers!* (for powers ye are, and great ones to
which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the he
———that kindly show him, where he is to begin i
where he is to end it—what he is to put into it, and wh
is to leave out,——how much of it he is to cast into shad
whereabouts he is to throw his light!————Ye who p
over this vast empire of biographical freebooters, a
how many scrapes and plunges your subjects hourly f
to—will you do one thing?

I beg and beseech you, (in case you will do nothing
for us) that wherever, in any part of your dominions,
falls out, that three several roads meet in one point, a
have done just here,——that at least you set up a
post, in the centre of them, in mere charity, to dire
uncertain devil, which of the three he is to take.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THO' the shock my uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with widow Wadman, had fixed him in a resolution, never more to think of the sex,—or of aught which belonged to it;——yet, Corporal Trim had made no such bargain with himself. Indeed, in my uncle Toby's case, there was a strange and unaccountable concurrence of circumstances, which insensibly drew him in to lay siege to that fair and strong citadel.—— In Trim's case, there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen;——tho' in truth, the love and veneration he bore his master was such, and so fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points,—I am pursuaded the honest Corporal would have laid down his arms, and followed his example with pleasure. When, therefore, my uncle Toby sat down before the mistress,—Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now my dear friend Garrick, whom I have so much cause to esteem and honour,——(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter) can it escape your penetration,——I defy it,—that so many play-wrights, and opificers of chit-chat have ever since been working upon Trim's and my uncle Toby's patterns?——I care not what Aristotle, or Pacuvius, or Bossu, or Ricaboni, say—tho' I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a single-horse chair and Madam Pompadour's vis-a-vis, than betwixt a single amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama.——Sir, a simple, single, silly affair of that kind,—is quite lost in five acts;—but that is neither here nor there.

After a series of attacks and repulses in a course of nine months on my uncle Toby's quarter, a most minute account of every particular of which shall be given in its proper

place, my uncle Toby, honest man! found it neces
draw off his forces and raise the siege somewhat indig
Corporal Trim, as I said, had made no such barg
ther with himself—or with any one else;—the fidelity
ever, of his heart, not suffering him to go into a house
his master had forsaken with disgust,—he contented
with turning his part of the siege into a blockade,—th
kept others off;———for tho' he never after went
house, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he
either nod, or wink, or smile, or look kindly at her;—
(as circumstances directed) he would shake her by th
—or ask her lovingly how she did,—or would give h
hand;———and now and then, tho' never but when
be done with decorum, would give Bridget a ———.
Precisely in this situation did these things stand
years, that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk, in t
thirteen, to the latter end of my uncle's Toby's camp
the year eighteen, which was about six or seven week
the time I am speaking of,———when Trim, as his
was after he had put my uncle Toby to bed, going do
moon-shiny night to see that every thing was right
fortifications,—in the lane separated from the bowlin
with flow'ring shrubs and holly,———he espied his B
As the Corporal thought there was nothing in th
so well worth showing as the glorious works which
my uncle Toby had made, Trim courteously and g
took her by the hand, and led her in:—This was not
privately, but that the foul-mouth'd trumpet of Fam
ed it from ear to ear, till at length it reach'd my f
with this untoward circumstance along with it, that
cle Toby's curious draw-bridge, construeted and pai
ter the Dutch fashion, and which went quite across th
—was broke down, and somehow or other crush'd all t
that very night.
My father, as you have observed, had no great est
my uncle Toby's hobby-horse,———he thought it t
ridiculous horse that ever gentleman mounted; and,
unless my uncle Toby vexed him about it, could ne
of it once, without smiling at it;———so that it w

get lame, or happen any mischance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond measure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befall'n it, it proved an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to him.——Well,—but dear Toby! my father would say, do tell me seriously how this affair of the bridge happened.——How can you tease me so much about it? my uncle Toby would reply.——I have told it you twenty times, word for word as Trim told it me.——Prithee, how was it then, Corporal? my father would cry, turning to Trim.——It was a mere misfortune, an' please your honour;——I was showing Mrs. Bridget our fortifications, and, in going too near the edge of the fosse, I unfortunately slipt in.—Very well, Trim! my father would cry,—(smiling mysteriously, and giving a nod,—but without interrupting him)—and being link'd fast, an' please your honour, arm in arm with Mrs. Bridget, I dragg'd her after me, by means of which she fell backwards soss against the bridge.—And Trim's foot (my uncle Toby would cry, taking the story out of his mouth) getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full against the bridge too.——It was a thousand to one, my uncle Toby would add, that the poor fellow did not break his leg.——Ah, truly, my father would say,—a limb is soon broke, brother Toby, in such encounters.——And so, an' please your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very slight one, was broke down betwixt us, and splintered all to pieces.

At other times, but especially when my uncle Toby was so unfortunate as to say a syllable about cannons, bombs, or petards,—my father would exhaust all the stores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyric upon the *battering-rams* of the ancients,—the *vinea* which Alexander made use of at the siege of Tyre.——He would tell my uncle Toby of the *catapultae* of the Syrians, which threw such monstrous stones so many hundred feet, and shook the strongest bulwarks from their very foundation;—he would go on, and describe the wonderful mechanism of the *ballista*, which Marcellinus makes so much rout about,—the terrible effects of the *pyraboli*, which cast fire,—the danger of the *terebra* and *scorpio*, which cast javelins.——But what are

CHAPTER XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was
directly to set about another ;——but not upon the
odel ; for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time
scovered, and my uncle Toby rightly foreseeing th
ame would instantly break out betwixt Spain and the
ire, and that the operations of the ensuing campaign,
all likelihood, be either in Naples or Sicily,——he
ined upon an Italian bridge,——(my uncle Toby, by
ye, *was not* far out in his conjectures) ;——but my
ho was infinitely the better politician, and took the
of my uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my uncle To

it of him in the field,——convinced him, that if the l
Spain and the emperor went together by the ears, th
land and France and Holland must, by force of their
gagements, all enter the lists too;——and if so, he
say, the combatants, brother Toby, as sure as we are
will fall to it again pell-mell, upon the old prize-fi
stage of Flanders:——Then what will you do wit
Italian bridge?

——We will go on with it, then, upon the old mod
ed my uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half finished it i
style,——my uncle Toby found out a capital de fec
which he had never thoroughly considered before. I
ed, it seems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening
middle, one half of which turning to one side of th
and the other to the other; the advantage of which w
that, by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equ
tions, it empowered my uncle Toby to raise it up, o
down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand,
as his garrison was weak, was as much as he coul
spare;——but the disadvantages of such a constructio
insurmountable; for, by this means, he would say,
one half of my bridge in my enemy's possession,——w
of what use is the other?

The natural remedy for this, was, no doubt, to h
bridge fast only at one end with hinges, so that the
might be lifted up together, and stand bolt upright;
that was rejected, for the reason given above.

For a whole week after, he was determined in his m
have one of that particular construction which is r
draw back horizontally, to hinder a passage; and to
forwards again to gain a passage,——of which sort yo
ships might have seen three famous ones at Spires be
destruction,——and one now at Brisac, if I mistake no
but my father advised my uncle Toby, with great e
ness, to have nothing more to do with thrusting bridg
and my uncle foreseeing, moreover, that it would
petuate the memory of the Corporal's misfortu
changed his mind, for that of the marquis d'Hop

My uncle Toby understood the nature o
well as any man in England,—but was not q
ter of the cycloid:—He talked, however, abo
—The bridge went not forwards.——We'l
about it, cried my uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEN Trim came in, and told my fat
was in the kitchen, and busy in making a t
Toby,—the affair of the jack boots having
train of military ideas in his brain,—tool
granted, that Dr. Slop was making a mod
d'Hopital's bridge.—'Tis very obliging i
uncle Toby;—pray give my humble ser
him I thank him heartily.

CHAPTER XXVII.

—'THIS unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my ther,—God bless your honour, cried Trim, 'tis a br for master's nose.—In bringing him into the world with vile instruments, he has crush'd his nose, Susannah say flat as a pancake to his face, and he is making a false br with a piece of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone ou Susannah's stays, to raise it up.

—Lead me, brother Toby, cried my father, to my s this instant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM the first moment I sat down to write my lif the amusement of the world, and my opinions for its ins tion, has a cloud insensibly been gathering over my fa —A tide of little evils and distresses has been settin against him.—Not one thing, as he observed himself, gone right: And now is the storm thicken'd, and goin break, and pour down full upon his head.

I enter upon this part of my story in the most pe and melancholy frame of mind, that ever sympathetic h was touched with.—My nerves relax as I tell it.—Every I write, I feel an abatement of the quickness of my p and of that careless alacrity with it, which every day o *life prompts* me to say and write a thousand things I *not.—And this moment* that I last dipp'd my pen

CHAPTER XXIX.

——I WON'T go about to argue the point
'Tis so,—and I am persuaded of it, madam, as
be, "That both man and woman bear pain or
"for aught I know, pleasure too) best in an ho
"tion."

The moment my father got up into his chaml
himself prostrate across his bed, in the wildest
ginable, but at the same time, in the most lan
tude of a man borne down with sorrows, that e
pity dropp'd a tear for. The palm of his righ
fell upon the bed, receiving his forehead, and
greatest part of both his eyes, gently sunk do
head (his elbow gi

opposite to the side where my father's head reclined.——My uncle Toby sat him down in it.

Before an affliction is digested,—consolation ever comes too soon;—and after it is digested,—it comes too late: So that you see, madam, there is but a mark between these two, as fine almost as a hair, for a comforter to take aim at: My uncle Toby was always either on this side, or on that of it, and would often say, He believed in his heart, he could as soon hit the longitude; for this reason, when he sat down in the chair, he drew the curtain a little forwards, and, having a tear at every one's service,—he pull'd out a cambric handkerchief,—gave a low sigh,—but held his peace.

CHAPTER XXX.

——"ALL is not gain that is got into the purse."——So that, notwithstanding my father had the happiness of reading the oddest books in the universe, and had moreover, in himself, the oddest way of thinking that ever man in it was bless'd with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all;—that it laid him open to some of the oddest and most whimsical distresses;—of which this particular one, which he sunk under at present, is as strong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's nose, by the edge of a pair of forceps,—however scientifically applied,—would vex any man in the world, who was at so much pains in begetting a child as my father was;—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, nor will it justify the unchristian manner he abandoned and surrendered himself up to it.

To explain this, I must leave him upon the bed for half *an hour*,—*and* my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair *sitting* beside him.

—I THINK it a very unreasonable demand,—cried my great grandfather, twisting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table,—By this account, madam, you have but two thousand pounds fortune, and not a shilling more,—and you insist upon having three hundred pounds a-year jointure for it.

—" Because," replied my great grandmother, " you have little or no nose, sir."

Now, before I venture to make use of the word Nose a second time,—to avoid all confusion in what will be said upon it in this interesting part of my story, it may not be amiss to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term; being of opinion, that owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers, and despising this precaution, and to nothing else, that all theological writings in divinity, are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon a will o' the wisp, or any other subject of philosophy and natural pursuit;—in order to

for depending so much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanliness of my reader's imaginations.

——Here are two senses, cried Eugenius, as we walk'd along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right hand to the word Crevice, in the fifty-second page of the second volume of this book of books,—here are two senses, quoth he. And here are two roads, replied I, turning short upon him,—a dirty and a clean one, which shall we take?——The clean,'——by all means, replied Eugenius.—E- genius, said I, stepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breast,—to define is to distrust. Thus, I triumph'd over Eugenius; but I triumph'd over him, as I always do, like a fool. 'Tis my comfort, however, I am not an obstinate one; therefore,

I define a nose, as follows,—intreating only beforehand, and beseeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition soever, for the love of God and their own souls, to guard against the temptations and suggestions of the devil, and suffer him, by no art or wile, to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition.——For by the word Nose, throughout all this long chapter of noses, and in every other part of my work, where the word nose occurs,——I declare, by that word I mean a-nose, and nothing more, or less.

CHAPTER XXXII.

——"BECAUSE," quoth my great-grand mother, repeating the words again,—"you have little or no nose, sir."—

S'death, cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his nose,—'tis not so small as that comes to;—'tis a full inch longer than my father's.——Now, my great-grandfather's nose was for all the world like unto the noses of all the men, women, and children, whom Panurge

my father's.—You must mean your [illegible] great-grandmother.

———My great-grandfather was convi twisted the paper, and signed the article.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

——WHAT an unconscionable jointure pay out of this small estate of ours? quotl to my grandfather.

My father, replied my grandfather, had dear, saving the mark, than there is upo hand.—

——Now, you must know, that my outlived my grandfather twelve years; [illegible] near a hundred and

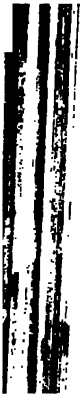
his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the caul of his wig, —look'd at both sides of every guinea, as he parted with it,— and seldom could get to the end of fifty pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief, and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowance for these workings within us. ——Never, O never, may I lie down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from ancestors.

For three generations, at least, this tenet in favour of long noses had gradually been taking root in our family.—*Tradition* was all along on its side, and *Interest* was every half year stepping in to strengthen it; so that the whimsicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almost all his other strange notions. For, in a great measure, he might be said to have suck'd this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however.—If education planted the mistake, (in case it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses. And for the contrary reason, he would generally add, That it must be one of the greatest problems in civil life, where the same number of long and jolly noses following one another in a direct line, did not raise and hoist it up into the best vacancies in the kingdom. He would often boast, that the Shandy family rank'd very high in king Harry the VIIIth's time, but owed its rise to no state engine—he would say—but to that only; ——but that, like other families, he would add,—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's nose.—It was an ace of clubs, indeed, he would cry, shaking his head,—and as vile a one for an unfortunate family, as ever turn'd up trumps.

—Fair and softly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee!—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's nose, I mean the external organ of smelling, or that part of man which stands prominent in his face.——



CHAPTER XX

IT is a singular blessing, that natu
of man with the same happy backw
against conviction, which is observed
learning new tricks."

What a shuttlecock of a fellow wo
pher that ever existed, he whisk'd int
such books, and observe such facts, a
as would eternally be making him cha

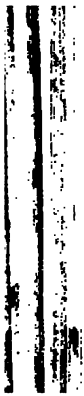
Now, my father, as I told you last y
He pick'd up an opinion, sir, as a ma
picks up an apple.——It becomes his
man of spirit, he would lose his life rat

I am aware, that Didius the great ci
point and cry out against me, when
right to this apple?—Exconfesso, he

had he takes up the cudgels for me, so I give myself no
r trouble about the answer)———Brother Didius, Tri-
s will say, it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the
ments of Gregorius and Hermogenes's codes, and in all
odes from Justinian's down to the codes of Louis and
Eaux,———That the sweat of a man's brows, and the
idations of a man's brains, are as much a man's own pro-
ty, as the breeches upon his backside;—which said exsu-
ions, &c. being dropp'd upon the said apple by the labor
finding it,—and picking it up,—and being moreover indis-
lubly wasted, and as indissolubly annexed by the picker up
the thing pick'd up, carried home, roasted, peel'd, eaten,
igested, and so on;—'tis evident that the gatherer of the ap-
le, in so doing, has mix'd up something which was his own,
with the apple which was not his own, by which means he
has acquired a property;————or, in other words, the
apple is John's apple.

By the same learned chain of reasoning, my father stood up for all his opinions: He had spared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better still was his title———No mortal claimed them: They had cost him moreover as much labour in cooking and digesting as in the case above, so that they might well and truly be said to be his own goods and chattels.———Accordingly he held fast by 'em, both by teeth and claws,—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on,—and in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breast-works, as my uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguey rub in the way of this,—the scarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in case of a smart attack; inasmuch as few men of great genius had exercised their parts in writing books upon the subject of great noses:—By the trotting of my lean horse, the thing is incredible! and I am quite lost in my understanding when I am considering what a treasure of precious time and talents together has been wasted upon worse subjects,—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all possible types and bindings, have been falsified upon



nest uncle Toby had done those upon
—'Tis true, a much less table would
that was not thy transgression, my de

Here,——but why here—rather tha
my story—I am not able to tell;—bu
stops me to pay to thee, my dear unc
the tribute I owe thy goodness.—H
chair aside, and kneel down upon th
pouring forth the warmest sentiment
veneration for the excellency of thy c
tue and nature kindled in a nephew'
comfort rest for evermore upon thy l
no man's comforts,—insulted'st no ma
blacked'st no man's character,—devot
Gently, with faithful Trim behind t
round the little circle of thy pleasure
in thy way;—for each one's service,
each man's need, thou hadst a shilling

Whilst I am worth one, to pay a w
thy door, to thy bowling green, shall

CHAPTER XXXV.

ther's collection was not great, but, to make amends, rious; and consequently, he was some time in mak- He had the great good fortune, however, to set off getting Bruscambille's prologue upon long noses, or nothing,—for he gave no more for Bruscambille ee half crowns; owing indeed to the strong fancy e stall-man saw my father had for the book the he laid his hands upon it. There are not three ibilles in Christendom,—said the stall-man, except chain'd up in the libraries of the curious. My fa- g down the money as quick as lightning,—took nbille into his bosom,——hied home from Piccadilly nan-street with it, as he would have hied home with re, without taking his hand once off from Bruscam- the way.

ose who do not yet know of which gender Bruscam- -inasmuch as a prologue upon long noses might ea- one by either,—'twill be no objection against the to say, That when my father got home, he solaced with Bruscambille after the manner, in which, 'tis e, your worship solaced yourself with your first ,—that is, from morning even unto night: Which, ye, how delightful soever it may prove to the ima- -is of little or no entertainment at all to by-standers. tice, I go no farther with the simile. My father's greater than his appetite,—his zeal greater than his ge,—he cool'd,—his affections became divided,—— old of Prignitz,—purchased Scroderus, Andrea Pa- uchet's Evening Conferences, and, above all, the d learned Hafen Slawkenbergius: Of which, as I re much to say by and by—I will say nothing now.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to study in support of his hypothesis, there was wherein he felt a more cruel disappointment a in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus written by the chaste pen of the great and ven mus, upon the various uses and seasonable ap long noses.——Now don't let Satan, my dear chapter, take advantage of any one spot of risin get astride of your imagination, if you can any or, if he is so nimble as to slip on,——let me beg an unback'd filly, to frisk it, to squirt it, to jum it, to bound it,—and to kick it, with long kick kicks, till, like Tickletoby's mare, you break crupper, and throw his worship into the dirt: not kill him.

——And pray who was Tickletoby's mare?- as discreditable and unscholar like a question, si asked what year (ab urb. con.) the second Punic out.——Who was Tickletoby's mare!——Rea read, my unlearned reader! read,——or by the of the great saint Paraleipomenon.—I tell you you had better throw down the book at once; much reading, by which your reverence kno much knowledge, you will no more be able to p moral of the next marbled page (motley emb work) than the world with all its sagacity has unravel the many opinions, transactions, and tr still lie mystically hid under the dark veil of the

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"NIHIL me pœnitet hujus nasi," quoth Pamphagus;—that is,—"My nose has been the making of me.——"Nec "est cur pœniteat," replies Cocles, that is, "How the deuce "should such a nose fail?"

The doctrine, you see, was laid down by Erasmus, as my father wished it, with the utmost plainness; but my father's disappointment was, in finding nothing more from so able a pen, but the bare fact itself; without any of that speculative subtility or ambidexterity of argumentation upon it, which Heaven had bestowed upon man on purpose to investigate truth, and fight for her on all sides;——My father pish'd and pugh'd at first most terribly——'tis worth something to have a good name. As the dialogue was of Erasmus, my father soon came to himself, and read it over and over again, with great application, studying every word and every syllable of it thro' and thro' in its most strict and literal interpretation;—he could still make nothing of it, that way. May-haps there is more meant than is said in it, quoth my father.————Learned men, brother Toby, don't write dialogues upon long noses for nothing.——I'll study the mystic and the allegoric sense; here is some room to turn a man's self in, brother.

My father read on.——

Now I find it needful to inform your reverences and worships, that besides the many nautical uses of long noses enumerated by Erasmus, the dialogist affirmeth, that a long nose is not without its domestic conveniences also; for that, in a case of distress,—and for want of a pair of bellows, it will do excellently well, ad excitandum focum, (to stir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts to my father beyond measure, and had sown the seeds of verbal criticism as deep within him, as she had done the seeds of all other knowledge,——so that he had got out his penknife, and was [illegible]

ing experiments upon the sentence, to see if he c
scratch some better sense into it—I've got within
letter, brother Toby, cried my father, of Erasmus
tic meaning.——You are near enough, brother, re
uncle, in all conscience.——Pshaw!—cried my
scratching on—I might as well be seven miles off.
I've done it,—said my father, snapping his fingers.
See my dear brother Toby, how I have mended t
——But you have marr'd a word, replied my une
——My father put on his spectacles,—bit his lip,—
out the leaf in a passion.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

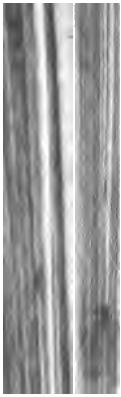
O SLAWKENBERGIUS! thou faithful analyz
Disgrazias,—thou sad foreteller of so many of the w
short turns, which in one stage or other of my l
some slap upon me from the shortness of my nose
other cause, that I am conscious of.——Tell me, S
bergius! what secret impulse was it? what intor
voice? whence came it? how did it sound in thy e
art thou sure thou heard'st it?—which first cried
thee,—Go,—go, Slawkenbergius! dedicate the la
thy life,——neglect thy pastimes, call forth all the
and faculties of thy nature,—macerate thyself in th
of mankind, and write a grand *folio* for them, upon
ject of their noses.

How the communication was conveyed into Slaw
gius's sensorium,—so that Slawkenbergius shoul
whose finger touch'd the key, and whose hand it
blew the bellows—as Hafen Slawkenbergius has be
and laid in his grave above fourscore and ten yea
can only raise conjectures.

Slawkenbergius was play'd upon, for ought I know, like one of Whitefield's disciples,——that is, with such a distinct intelligence, sir, of which of the two masters it was, that had been practising upon his instrument, as to make all reasoning upon it needless.

——————For, in the account which Hafen Slawkenbergius gives the world of his motives and occasions for writing, and spending so many years of his life upon this one work towards the end of his prologomena, which, by the bye, should have come first,——but the book-binder has most injudiciously placed it betwixt the analytical contents of the book, and the book itself,——he informs his reader, that ever since he had arrived at the age of discernment, and was able to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the true state and condition of man, and distinguish the main end and design of his being——or——to shorten my translation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this passage,——ever since I understood, quoth, Slawkenbergius, any thing,——or rather than what was what,——and could perceive that the point of long noses had been too loosely handled by all who had gone before;——have I, Slawkenbergius, felt a strong impulse, with a mighty and irresistible call within me, to gird up myself to this undertaking.

And, to do justice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the list with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him,——and indeed, in many respects, deserves to be en-nich'd as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at least, to model their books by;——for he has taken in, sir, the whole subject,——examined every part of it dialectically——then brought it into full day; diluciduting it with all the light which either the collision of his own natural parts could strike,——or the profoundest knowledge of the sciences had empowered him to cast upon it,——collating, collecting, and compiling,——begging, borrowing, and stealing, as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and portieoes of the learned; so that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be considered



man from the most candid and s
above four thousand different sc
charnel-houses in Silesia, which
informed us, that the mensuratio
osseous or bony parts of human
country, except Crim Tartary,
down by the thumb, so that no
upon them,——are much nearer
gines;——the difference amongs
mere trifle, not worth taking n
and jollity of every individual no
ranks above another, and bears
the cartilaginous and muscular
and sinuses the blood and animal
driven by the warmth and force
is but a step from it, (bating the
nitz, who had lived many years
the more immediate tute-lage of
and ever must, says Prignitz, tha
is in a direct arithmetical propor
the wearer's fancy.

that Scroderus had shifted the idea upon him—but Scroderus went on, maintaining his thesis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two sides he should take in this affair; when Ambrose Parœus decided it in a moment; and, by overthrowing the systems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both sides of the controversy at once.

Be witness.—

I don't acquaint the learned reader;—in saying it, I mention it only to show the learned I know the fact myself—

That this Ambrose Parœus was chief surgeon and nose-mender to Francis the Ninth of France, and in high credit with him and the two preceding or succeeding kings (I know not which)—and that, except in the slip he made in his story of Taliacotius's noses, and his manner of setting them on,—he was esteemed by the whole college of physicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noses, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now, Ambrose Parœus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so much learning and fine parts,—was neither this nor that———but that the length and goodness of the nose, was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse's breast,——as the flatness and shortness of puisne noses was, to the firmness and elastic repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively,—which, tho' happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubbed, so rebuffed, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive ad mensuram suam legitimam;——but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother's breast,——by sinking into it, quoth Parœus, as into so much butter, the nose was comforted, nourished, plumped up, refreshed, refocillated, and set a-growing forever.

I have but two things to observe of Parœus;—first, that he proves and explains all this with the utmost chastity and *decorum* of expression;——for which, may his soul [illegible] *rest in peace!*

such a ridiculous tale of a disputa
wife, never surely, in any age or cou
key-hole of a street-door!

My mother, you must know———
more necessary to let you know first
dred difficulties which I have promis
thousand distresses and domestic missa
upon me, thick and three-fold, one up
ther,—a cow broke in (to-morrow morn
by's fortification, and ate up two ration
grass, tearing up the sods with it, whiel
and covered-way.———Trim insists
a court-martial,—the cow to be shot,—S
myself to be tristram'd, and at my very h
tyr of;——poor unhappy devils that we a
swaddling,———But there is no time to
tions.———I have left my father lying
my uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, a
and promised I would go back to them in
five and thirty minutes are lapsed
perplexities

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THERE was not any one scene more entertain
family :———And to do it justice in this point,—
put off my cap, and lay it upon the table, close
inkhorn, on purpose to make my declaration to t
concerning this one article, the more solemn,——t
lieve in my soul, (unless my love and partiality t
derstanding blinds me) the hand of the supreme Ma
first Designer of all things, never made or put a fa
gether, (in that period at least of it, which I have sa
to write the story of)—where the characters of it we
or contrasted with so dramatic a felicity as ours wa
this end; or in which the capacities of affording suc
quisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpet
from morning to night, were lodged and intrusted wi
unlimited a confidence, as in the Shandy family.

Not any one of these was more diverting, I say, in
whimsical theatre of ours,——than what frequently s
out of this self-same chapter of long noses,——espec
when my father's imagination was heated with the i
ry, and nothing would serve him, but to heat my uncle
by's too.

My uncle Toby would give my father all possible
play in this attempt; and with infinite patience, woul
moking his pipe for whole hours together,—whilst m
ther was practising upon his head, and trying every acc
le avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's solution
it.

Whether they were above my uncle Toby's reason,
ntrary to it,——or that his brain was like damp th
l no spark could possibly take hold,—or that it wa
l of saps, mines, blinds, curtains, and such military
ifications, to his seeing clearly into Prignitz and

was not always of the purest,—and gene
'twas most wanted: This naturally opens
misfortune,—that, in the warmer paroxy
open my uncle Toby's eyes—my father
much faster than the translation, as the tr
my uncle Toby's;——neither the one
much to the perspicuity of my father's le

CHAPTER XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making
mean in man,——for in superiour classes
angels and spirits,—'tis all done, may it ple
as they tell me, by *intuition*;—and beings
worships all know,—syllogize by their nose
island swimming

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my uncle Toby's deportment,——what great attention he gave to every word,——and, as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it,——surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb,—then foresight,—then this way, and then that, in all its possible directions and foreshortenings,—he would have concluded my uncle Toby had got hold of the medius terminus; and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order, as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted;—his aim in all the pains he was at in these philosophic lectures,—was to enable my uncle Toby not to discuss—but comprehend,—to hold the grains and scruples of learning, not to weigh them——My uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAPTER XLI.

'TIS a pity, cried my father, one winter-night, after a three hours painful translation of Slawkenbergius,——'tis a pity, cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he spoke—that truth, brother Toby, should shut herself up in such impregnable fastnesses, and be so obstinate as not to surrender herself sometimes upon the closest siege.

Now, it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him,—having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowling green;——his *body* might as well have taken a turn there too,——so the *with all* the semblance of a deep school-man, intent on

the medius terminus,—my uncle Toby was, in fact, rant of the whole lecture, and all its pro's and con's father had been translating Hafen Slawkenbergius f Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word sie a talismanic power, in my father's metaphor, wafti my uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could fol touch,—he opened his ears,—and my father observi he took his pipe out of his mouth, and shuffled h nearer the table, as with a desire to profit,—my fath great pleasure began his sentence again, changing plan, and dropping the metaphor of the siege of it, clear of some dangers my father apprehended from

'Tis a pity, said my father, that truth can only be side, brother Toby,—considering what ingenuity the ed men have all shown in their solutions of noses,— noses be dissolved? replied my uncle Toby.——— father thrust back his chair,—rose up,—put on his ha four long strides to the door,—jerked it open,—th head half-way out,—shut the door again,—took no n the bad hinge,——returned to the table,—pluck mother's thread-paper out of Slawkenbergius's book went hastily to his bureau,——walked slowly back, t my mother's thread-paper about his thumb,—unbutt waistcoat,——threw my mother's thread-paper into t ——bit her satin pincushion in two,—fill'd his mou bran,——confounded it;—but mark,——the oath of sion was levell'd at my uncle Toby's brain,—which v confused enough already;—the curse came charge with the bran,—the bran, may it please your honou no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't; a one of the most unaccountable problems that ever with in my observations of human nature, that n should prove my father's mettle so much, or make l sions go off so like gun powder, as the unexpected *his science met* with from the quaint simplicity of my *Toby's question.*——Had ten dozen of hornets st *behind in so many different* places all at one time,—

not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer seconds,—or started half so much, as with one single query of three words unseasonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horsical career.

'Twas all one to my uncle Toby,—he smoked his pipe on, with unvaried composure,——his heart never intended offence to his brother,——and as his head could seldom find out where the sting of it lay,—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himself————He was five minutes and thirty-five seconds about it in the present case.

By all that's good! said my father, swearing, as he came to himself, and taking the oath out of Ernulphus's digest of curses,————(tho' to do my father justice, it was a fault, as he told Dr. Slop in the affair of Ernulphus, which he as seldom committed as any man upon earth)————By all that's good and great! brother Toby, said my father, if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do, you would put a man beside all temper——Why, by the solutions of noses, of which I was telling you, I meant, as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge had given the world, of the causes of short and long noses————There is no cause but one, replied my uncle Toby,————why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because that God pleases to have it so——That is Grangousier's solution, said my father————'Tis He, continued my uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my father's interruption, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom————'Tis a pious account, cried my father, but not philosophical,—there is more religion in it than sound science. 'Twas no inconsistent part of my uncle Toby's character,—that he feared God, and reverenced religion————So the moment my father finished his remark,—my uncle Toby fell a whistling Lillabullero, with more zeal (tho' more out of tune) than usual——

What has become of my wife's thread paper?

to my father as a mark in Slawkenbergiu
in every page of him was a rich treasu
knowledge to my father; he could not o
he would often say, in closing the book,
and sciences in the world, with the boo
them, were lost,——should the wisdo
vernments, he would say, thro' disuse,
forgot, and all that statesmen had wro
written, upon the strong or the weak s
kingdoms, should they be forgot also,—
gius only left,——there would be enou
conscience, he would say, to set the w
A treasure, therefore, was he indeed!
that was necessary to be known of nose
else;——at matin, noon, and vespers, w
bergius his recreation and delight;——'t
hands,——you would have sworn, sir, it
prayer-book, so worn, so glazed, so cont
was it with fingers and with thumbs, in a
end even unto the other.

decade.

tergo, paucis indusiis binis calceis, braccisq
repleta, Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi cum percontanti, quum portus
apud Nasorum promontorium fuisse, Fra
sci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines
intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit——D
nasi!
At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrin
extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: Loc
ruit; et magna cum urbanitate, pilei pa
manu sinistra, ut extendit dextram, militi
processit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam nan
loquens, virum adeo urbanum vaginum pe
haud poterit nuda acinaci, neque vaginam

stranger mounted upon a little mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson satin pair of breeches, entered the town of Strasburg.

He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of *Noses*——— was going on to Frankfort——and should be back again at Strasburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

The centinel looked up in the stranger's face—never saw such a nose in his life!

—I have made a very good venture of it, quoth the stranger—so, slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black riband, to which a short scimitar was hung, he put his hand into his pocket, and, with great courtesy, touching the fore-part of his cap with his left hand, as he extended his right—he put a florin into the centinel's hand and passed on.

It grieves me, said the centinel, speaking to a little dwarfish, bandy-legg'd drummer, that so courteous a soul should have lost his scabbard———he cannot travel without one to his scimitar, and will not be able to get a scabbard to fit it in all Strasburg.———I never had one, replied the stranger, looking back to the centinel, and putting his hand up to his cap as he spoke———I carry it, continued he, thus,—holding up his naked scimitar, his mule moving on slowly all the time, on purpose to defend my nose,

It is well worth it, gentle stranger, replied the centinel.

Eodem temporis puncto, quo inter militem et tympanistam, dis et uxore sua, qui tunc accesserunt restiterunt.

Quantus nasus ; aeque longus e

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen dias.

Tantum abest, respondit illa, vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, qu

Rem penitus explorabo ; prius, uxor, quam dormivero.

Mulus peregrini, gradu lento pr que verbum controversiæ, non tan panistam, verum etiam inter tubic diret.

—'Tis not worth a single stiver, said the bandy-legg'd drummer———'tis a nose of parchment.

As I am a true Catholic—except that it is six times as big———'tis a nose, said the centinel, like my own.

—I heard it crackle, said the drummer.

By dunder, said the centinel, I saw it bleed.

What a pity, cried the bandy-legg'd drummer, we did not both touch it!

At the very time that this dispute was maintaining by the centinel and the drummer———was the same point debating betwixt a trumpeter and a trumpeter's wife, who were just then coming up, and had stopped to see the stranger pass by.

Benedicite!—What a nose! 'tis as long, said the trumpeter's wife, as a trumpet.

And of the same metal, said the trumpeter, as you hear by its sneezing.

—'Tis as soft as a flute, said she.

—'Tis brass, said the trumpeter.

—'Tis a pudding's end, said his wife.

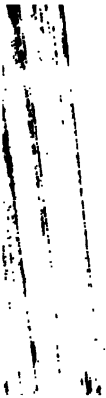
I tell thee again, said the trumpeter, 'tis a brazen nose.

I'll know the bottom of it, said the trumpeter's wife, for I touch it with my finger before I sleep.

The stranger's mule moved on at so slow a rate, that he heard every word of the dispute, not only betwixt the centinel and the drummer; but betwixt the trumpeter and the trumpeter's wife.

Ha! said he, dropping his reins upon his mule's neck, and laying both his hands upon his breast, the one over the other, in a saint-like position (his mule going on easily all the while).—No! said he, looking up,—I am not such a debtor to mankind———slandered and disappointed as I have been to give it that conviction———No! said he, my nose never be touched whilst heaven gives me strength—To which? said a burgomaster's wife.

The stranger took no notice of the burgomaster's wife———but making a vow to Saint Nicholas; which done, having crossed his arms with the same solemnity with which

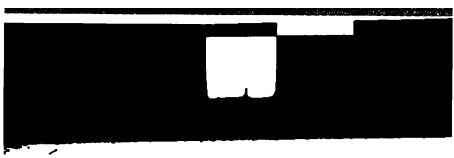


Peregrinus mulo descendens, stabulo includi, et
inferri jussit : Qua aperta et coccineis sericis fem
tractis cum argenteo laciniato *perizomate* his sen
timque, acinaci in manu, ad forum deambulavit.

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem t
am euntem aspicit ; illico cursum flectit, metu
suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium reg
exuit se vestibus ; braccas coccineas sericas ma
it molumque educi jussit.

Francofurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Arge
tuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum (ait) muli fa
mulcens——me, manticamque meam plu
passibus portavit.



he crossed them, he took up the reins of his bridle with his left hand, and putting his right hand into his bosom, with his scimitar hanging loosely to the wrist of it, he rode on as slowly as one foot of the mule could follow another, thro' the principal streets of Strasburg, till chance brought him to the great inn in the market-place, over-against the church.

The moment the stranger alighted, he ordered his mule to be led into his stable, and his cloak-bag to be brought in; then opening, and taking out of it his crimson-satin breeches, with a silver-fringed —— (appendage to them, which I dare not translate)——he put his breeches with his fringed codpiece on, and forthwith, with his short scimitar in his hand, walked out to the grand parade.

The stranger had just taken three turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter's wife at the opposite side of it—so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn——undressed himself, packed up his crimson-satin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

I am going forwards, said the stranger, for Frankfort—and shall be back at Strasburg this day month.

I hope, continued the stranger, stroking down the face of his mule with his left hand, as he was going to mount it, that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine——it has carried me and my cloak-bag, continued he, tapping the mule's back, above six hundred leagues.

——'Tis a long journey, sir, replied the master of the inn—unless a man has great business. Tut! tut! said the stranger, I have been at the promontory of noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and jolliest, thank heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot.

Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn, and his wife, kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger's nose——By Saint Radagunda, said the inn-keeper's wife to herself, there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together, in all Strasburg! is it not, said she, whispering her husband in the ear, *is it not* a noble nose.

Votum feci sancto Nicolao, ait
intactum fore usque ad—Quod
dit illa.

Minime tangetur, inquit ille (m
tis) usque ad illam horam—Quam
respondit peregrinus, donec per
obsecro? ait illa——Peregrinus
secenso discessit.

'Tis an impostor, my dear, said the master of the inn—'tis a false nose,

'Tis a true nose, said his wife.

'Tis made of fir-tree, said he—I smell the turpentine.——There's a pimple on it said she.

'Tis a dead nose, replied the inn-keeper.

'Tis a live nose, and if I am alive myself, said the inn-keeper's wife, I will touch it.

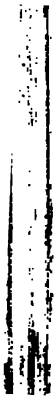
I have made a vow to Saint Nicholas this day, said the stranger, that my nose shall not be touched till—Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up—Till when? said she hastily.

It shall never be touched, said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, till that hour—What hour? cried the inn-keeper's wife. Never! never! said the stranger, never till I am got—For heaven's sake into what place? said she.—The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Frankfort, before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nose. The Compline-bells were just ringing to call the Strasburgers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer: No soul in all Strasburg heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees,—men, women, and children (the Compline-bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there——in at one door, out at another—this way and that way——long ways and cross ways—up one street, down another street—in at this alley, out at that—did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it? ——who saw it? who did see it? for mercy's sake who saw it!——

Alack a'day! I was at vespers! I was washing, I was starching, I was scouring, I was quilting—*God* help me! I never saw it—I never touched it! Would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legg'd drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife, was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst this disorder and confusion triumphed throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous stranger riding on as gently upon his mule, in his way to Frankfort, [illegible]



Pugh!——'tis nothing but a [illegible]
thou shalt have a better supper at night.

Banished from my country——my friends

Poor devil, thou art sadly tired with th
—get on a little faster—there's nothing i
two shirts—a crimson-satin pair of breech
——Dear Julia.

But why to Frankfort?——it is that t
felt, which secretly is conducting me th
and unsuspected tracts!—Stumbling!
every step——why at this rate we shall
ting in——

To happiness—or am I to be the sp
slander—destined to be driven forth, in
—untouched—if so, why did I not stay
justice—but I had sworn!——Come—t
saint Nicholas————O Julia!——Wha
thy ears at?—'tis nothing but a man, &

The stranger rode on communing in
mule and Julia——'til he arrived at his
as he arrived he alighted——saw his mu

descriptions of the stranger's nose—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to Frankfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false, that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty——the finest made man!——the most genteel!——the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage, that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg——that as he rode, with his scimitar slung loosely to his wrist, thro' the streets,——and walked with his crimson satin breeches across the parade—'twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy (had the nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited, to justify the abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness and sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter's wife: She went thro' the streets of Strasburg with her husband's trumpet in her hand—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

The centinel and the bandy-legg'd drummer!—nothing on this side of old Athens could equal them! they read their lectures under the city gates, to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chrysippus and a Crantor in their porticoes.

The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left hand, read his also in the same style——under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard;—his wife, her's more privately in a back room: All flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshall'd them,—in a word each Strasburger came crowding for intelligence——and every Strasburger had the intelligence he wanted.

'Tis worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon as the trumpeter's wife had finished the abbess of Quedlingberg's private lecture, and had begun to read in public, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade——she incommoded the other

where *Truth* keeps her little court ...
their ways as busy in pumping her up thr
dialectic induction——they concerned th
facts————they reasoned.

Not one profession had thrown more li
ject than the faculty—had not all their di
into the affair of wens and œdematous sw
not keep clear of them for their bloods a
ger's nose had nothing to do either with v
swellings.

It was demonstrated, however, very satis
a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matte
gested and conglomerated to the nose, w
in utero, without destroying the statical b
and throwing it plump upon its head nin
time.

——The opponents granted the theor
consequences.

And if a suitable provision of veins
they, was not laid in, for the due nour
nose, in the very first stamina and rudi

and one pair of lungs——For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle,——and the lungs the only engine of sanguification——it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought it: Or, admitting the possibility of a man's overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs——the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time——that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man—they proved a mortification must necessarily ensue: and, for as much as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies cried the opponents——else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but half a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?

He dies, of a plethora, said they—or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.—

It happens otherwise——replied the opponents.

It ought not, said they.

The more curious and intimate inquirers after nature and her doings, tho' they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to its several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that nature, tho' she sported—she sported within a certain circle;—and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the literati;—they began and ended with the word nose; and had it not been for a petitio principii, which one of the ablest of them ran his head *against in the* beginning of the combat, the whole controversy *had* been settled at once.

I deny the denn...
from the body, said his antagonist—Then we ...
about our weapons, said the logician——Then th
end of the dispute, replied the antagonist.

The civilians were still more concise; what the
being more in the nature of a decree—than a dispu

—Such a monstrous nose said they, had it been a t
could not possibly have been suffered in civil socie
if false——to impose upon society with such false
tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, a
have had still less mercy shown it.

The only objection to this was, that if it proved a
it proved that the stranger's nose was neither true

This left room for the controversy to go on. It w
tained by the advocates of the ecclesiastic court, t
was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger
motu, had confessed he had been at the Promonto
ses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c. &c.——
it was answered, it was impossible there should
place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learne
... where it lay. The commissary of the bishop
... part, and explaine

bly, had it not appeared, that a dispute abou
ses of dean and chapter lands had been de
nineteen years before.

It happened—I must not say unluckily for t
they were giving her a lift another way in so
the two universities of Strasburg—the Luthera
the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor
——and the Popish, founded by Leopold, arch
tria, were, during all this time, employing the
of their knowledge (except just what the affair c
of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required) in dete
point of Martin Luther's damnation.

The Popish doctors had undertaken to demons
ori, that from the necessary influence of the plan
twenty-second day of October 1483——when the
in the twelfth-house—Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in
—the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury all got together in t
——that he must in course, and unavoidably be a
man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary,
damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five plane
n coition all at once with Scorpio† (in reading this,

ntrahend. empt. &c. nec non J. Scrudr. in cap. ‡ re
r totum. cum his cons. Rever J. Tubal. Sentent. &
p. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. et Librum, cui Tit. de T
ras. Belg. ad finem, cum Comment. N. Bardy Bel
ip. Argentotarens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Arch
l. per Van Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 158
. ad finem,—Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire
Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure Gent. & Civil. de protib.
l. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem
a, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coiti
io Asterismo in nonâ coeli statione, quam Arab
deputabant, efficit Martinum Lutherum sacril
ieum, christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum
anum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum
mus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad inferno
——ab Alecto Tisiphone et Magæraflagellis
a perenniter.
as Gauricus in Tractatu astrologico de
m hominum accidentibus per genituras e

ther would always shake his head) in the ninth ho
the Arabians allotted to religion——it appeared
tin Luther did not care one stiver about the m
that from the horoscope directed to the conjunctio
—they made it plain likewise he must die cursin
pheming——with the blast of which, his soul (be
in guilt) sailed before the wind, in the lake of hel

The little objection of the Lutheran doctors to thi
it must certainly be the soul of another man, bo
1483, which was forced to sail down before the w
manner—inasmuch as it appeared from the regist
ben in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was
the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day
on the 10th of November, the eve of Martinmas
whence he had the name of Martin.

—[I must break off my translation for a mome
I did not, I know I should no more be able to shu
in bed, than the abbess of Quedlingberg—It is to
der, that my father never read this passage of Sl
gius to my uncle Toby, but with triumph—not o
cle Toby, for he never opposed him in it—but ove
world.

—Now you see, brother Toby, he would say, lo
" that Christian names are not such indifferent thi
had Luther here been called by any other name h
he would have been damn'd to all eternity—Not
upon Martin, he would add, as a good name—fir
'tis something better than a neutral, and but a litt
little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.

My father knew the weakness of his prop to hi
sis, as well as the best logician could show him—
strange is the weakness of man, at the same time
in his way, he could not for his life but make use
it was certainly for this reason, that tho' there are
ries of Hafen Slawkenbergius's Decades full as en
as this I am translating, yet there is not one amo
which my father read over with half the delight :-
ed two of his strangest hypothesis together——
Names and his *Noses*;—I will be bold to say, he

read all the books in the Alexandria library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther's navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended; and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the cape or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and, no doubt, as it was an inquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of *navigation*, they had gone on with it, in spite of the size of the stranger's nose, had not the size of the stranger's nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about——it was their business to follow.

The abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger's nose running full as much in their fancies, as their case of conscience—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold——in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types—all controversies dropp'd.

'Twas a square cap, with a silk tassel upon the crown of it——to a nut-shell—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

'Tis above reason,—cried the doctors, on one side.

'Tis below reason, cried the others.

'Tis faith, cried the one.

'Tis a fiddlestick, said the other.

'Tis possible, cried the one.

'Tis impossible, said the other.

God's power is infinite, cried the Nosarians, he can do any thing.

He can do nothing, replied the Antinosarians, which implies contradictions.

He can make matter think, said the Nosarians.

As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow's ear, replied the Antinosarians.

a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as ——

Now, the steeple of Strasburg being the biggest tallest church-steeple to be seen in the whole w Antinosarians denied that a nose of *575* geometric length could be worn, at least by a middle-sized m The Popish doctors swore it could——The Luthera said no,——it could not.

This at once started a new dispute, which they a great way, upon the extent and limitation of t and natural attributes of God.——That contro them naturally into Thomas Aquinas, and Thoma to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more heard of in the it just served as a frigate to launch them in the gul divinity,—and then they all sailed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of true know

The controversy about the attributes, &c. inste ing, on the contrary, had inflamed the Strasburg nations to a most inordinate degree.——The le derstood of the matter, the greater was their wo

—— left in all the distresses of desire un

bly, had it not appeared, that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

It happened—I must not say unluckily for truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two universities of Strasburg—the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor of the senate, ——and the Popish, founded by Leopold, archduke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the abbess of Quedlingberg's placket-holes required) in determining the point of Martin Luther's damnation.

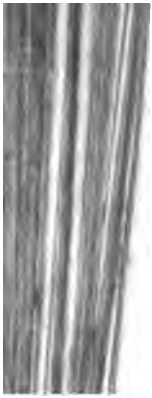
The Popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate, a priori, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October 1483——when the Moon was in the twelfth-house—Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third —the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury all got together in the fourth ——that he must in course, and unavoidably be a damn'd man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damn'd doctrines too.

By inspection into his horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio† (in reading this, my fa-

contrahend. empt. &c. nec non J. Scrudr. in cap. ‡ refut. ff. per totum. cum his cons. Rever J. Tubal. Sentent. & prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. et Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum Comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentotarens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fid. coll. per Van Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583. proecip. ad finem,—Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure Gent. & Civil. de protib. aliena feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Analy. Cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

† Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio, sub Scorpio Asterismo in nonâ coeli statione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant, efficit Martinum Lutherum sacrilegium hæreticum, christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum. religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima scelestissima ad infernos navigavit——ab Alecto Tisiphone et Magæraflagellis igneis cruciata perenniter.

—*Lucas* Gauricus in Tractatu astrologico de præteriti multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinati



a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as

Now, the steeple of Strasbur
tallest church-steeple to be see
Antinosarians denied that a nos
length could be worn, at least b
The Popish doctors swore it coul
said no,—it could not.

This at once started a new dis
a great way, upon the extent an
and natural attributes of God,—
them naturally into Thomas Aqui
to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more
it just served as a frigate to launch
divinity,—and then they all sailed be

Heat is in proportion to the want

The controversy about the attribu
ing, on the contrary, had inflamed t
nations to a most inordinate degree
derstood of the matter, the greater
it—they

hearts!——I dip not my pen into my ink, to excuse the surrender of yourselves——'tis to write your panegyric. Show me a city so macerated with expectation—who neither eat, or drank, or slept, or prayed, or harkened to the calls either of religion or nature, for seven and twenty days together, who could have held out one day longer.

On the twenty-eight, the courteous stranger had promised to return to Strasburg.

Seven thousand coaches (Slawkenbergius must certainly have made some mistake in his numerical characters) seven thousand coaches——fifteen thousand single horse chairs——twenty thousand waggons, crowded as full as they could all hold, with senators, counsellors, syndics——beguines, widows, wives, virgins, canons, concubines, all in their coaches—the abbess of Quedlingberg, with the prioress, the deaness and subchantress, leading the procession in one coach, and the dean of Strasburg, with the four great dignitaries of his chapter on her left hand, the rest following higgledy-piggledy as they could; some on horseback—some on foot—some led—some driven—some down the Rhine—some this way—some that—all set out at sun-rise, to meet the courteous stranger on the road.

Haste we now towards the catastrophe of my tale——I say, catastrophe, (cries Slawkenbergius) inasmuch as a tale, with parts, rightly disposed, not only rejoiceth (gaudet) in the catastrophe and Peripeteia of a *drama*, but rejoiceth moreover in all the essential and integrant parts of it—it has its Protasis, Epistasis, Catastasis, its Catastrophe or Peripeteia growing one out of the other in it, in the order Aristotle first planted them—without which a tale had better never be told at all, says Slawkenbergius, but be kept to a man's self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten decades, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every tale of them as tightly to this rule, as I have done this of the stranger and his nose.

—From his first parley with the sentinel, to his leaving the city of Strasburg, after pulling off his crimson-satin pair of breeches, is the Protasis or first entrance——where the

—— last night's uproar s
clusion of the trumpeter's wife's l
dle of the grand parade; and fro
the learned in the dispute—to t
away, and leaving the Strasburge
tress, is the Catastasis, or the ripen
passions, for their bursting forth in

This commences with the settir
ers in the Frankfort road, and tern
labyrinth, and bringing the hero ou
(as Aristotle calls it) to a state of re

This, says Hafen Slawkenbergiu
trophe or Peripeteia of my tale—and
am going to relate.

—We left the stranger behind the
ters now upon the stage.

—What dost thou prick up thy ea
a man upon a horse—was the last wo
to his mule.—It was not proper th
that the mule took his master's wo
any more ifs or ands, let the ——

reflections in his mind, turned his horse's head about, and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

—We have bacon in the house, said the host, and bread—and till eleven o'clock this night had three eggs in it—but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing.—

Alas! said the traveller, harrassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed—I have one as soft as is in Alsatia, said the host.

—The stranger, continued he, should have slept in it, for 'tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose——He has got a defluction, said the traveller—Not that I know, cried the host—But 'tis a camp-bed, and Jacinta, said he, looking towards the maid, imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in——Why so? cried the traveller, starting back—It is so long a nose, cried the host——The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast—Trifle not with my anxiety, said he, rising up again. —'Tis no trifle, said Jacinta, 'tis the most glorious nose!—The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breast—Then, said he looking up to heaven, thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—'tis Diego!

The traveller was the brother of the Julia, so often invoked that night by the stranger, as he rode from Strasburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from Valladolid across the Pyrenean mountains, thro' France, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him, thro' the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover's thorny tracts.

Julia had sunk under it—and had not been able to go a step farther than to Lyons, where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—she sicken'd, but had just strength to write a letter to Diego; and, having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out, and put the letter into his hands, he took to her bed.

" *Sieg. Diego,*

" Whether my suspicions of your
" or not—'tis not now to inquire—
" had firmness to put them to farth
" How could I know so little of
" duenna to forbid your coming mor
" how could I know so little of you
" you would not have staid one day
" ven ease to my doubts?—Was I t
" because I was deceived? or was it
" word, whether my suspicions were
" me, as you did, a prey to much un
" In what manner Julia has rese
" when he puts this letter into you
" He will tell you in how few momen
" rash message she had sent you—in
" flew to her lattice, and how many
" ther, she leaned immoveably upo
" thro' it towards the way which Dieg
" He will tell you, when she hear

nen, and children, all marched out to fol-
x's nose—each man followed his own, and

manufactures have decayed and gradually
r since—but not from any cause which com-
ave assigned; for it is owing to this only,
ever so run in their heads, that the Strasbur-
llow their business.
ics Slawkenbergius, making an exclamation
st——and I fear will not be the last fortress
ther won—or lost by *Noses*.

OF SLAWKENBERGIUS'S TALE

CHAPTER I.

learning upon noses running perpetually in
y—with so many family prejudices—and ten
tales running on for ever along with them—
hle, with such exquisite—Was it a true nose?
th such exquisite feelings as my father had,
shock at all below stairs, or indeed above
her posture but the very posture I have de-

rself down upon the bed, a dozen times—
ly to place a looking-glass first in a chair on
efore you do it—But was the stranger's nose
was it a false one?
before-hand, madam, would be to do injury
st tales in the Christian world; and that is
e tenth decade, which immediately follows

ded Slawkenbergius, somewhat [illegible]
ed by me for the concluding tale of my work.

to return home—wh
pared for them, of all others the
befal a free people.

As this revolution of the Stra
spoke of, and little understood, I
Slawkenbergius, give the world a
with it put an end to my tale.

Every body knows of the grand
narchy, wrote by order of Mons. C
nuscript into the hands of Lewis th
1664.

'Tis as well known, that one brar
system, was the getting possession of
entrance at all times into Suabia, in o
of Germany——and that, in consequ
burg unhappily fell at length into th

It is the lot of few to trace out the
such like revolutions——The vulgar
——Statesmen look too low—Truth
middle.

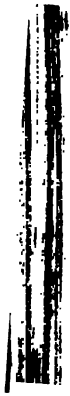
What a fatal thing is

into each others laps, the foreheads come into imm
contact, which at once puts an end to the conferen
mean to the sentimental part of it,—What is left, m
is not worth stopping for.

CHAPTER II.

My father lay stretched across the bed, as still as
hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour
half before he began to play upon the floor with the
that foot which hung over the bed side; my uncle T
heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moment
left hand, the knuckles of which had all the time re
upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to its feelin
he thrust it a little more within the valance—drew u
hand, when he had done, into his bosom—gave a he
My good uncle Toby, with infinite pleasure, answe
and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of co
tion upon the opening it afforded; but having no tale
I said, that way, and fearing moreover, that he migh
out with something which might make a bad matter w
he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upo
cross of his crutch.

Now, whether the compression shortened my uncle T
face into a more pleasurable oval,—or that the philanth
of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge
the sea of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles,—o
the compression upon his chin only doubled the beni
which was there before, is not hard to decide. My fi
in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of
shine in his face, as melted down the sullenness of his
in a moment.



DID ever man, brother Toby, cried my
himself up upon his elbow, and turning l
the opposite side of the bed where my unc
ting in his old fringed chair, with his chin
crutch—did ever a poor unfortunate man
cried my father, receive so many lashes ?—
saw given, quoth my uncle Toby, (ringing
bed's head for Trim) was to a grenadier, I
regiment.

—Had my uncle To'by shot a bullet t
heart, he could not have fallen down with
quilt more suddenly.

Bless me! said my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER IV.

no proof of cowardice, Trim—I drop
self, cried my uncle Toby. I know
plied Trim, and so am not ashamed of
ink, may it please your honour, conti-
caling into the corner of his eye as he
wo virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in
honest as God could make them——the
eople, going forth with gallant spirits to
in the world—and fall into such evils!—
rtured upon a rack for nothing——but
idow who sold sausages!—Honest Dick
scourged out of his body, for the ducats
nto his knapsack!—O! these are misfor-
pulling out his handkerchief——these are
please your honour, worth lying down

I not help blushing.
ity, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, thou
orrow of thy own,—thou feelest it so ten-
back-o-day, replied the Corporal, brigh-
your honour knows I have neither wife
e no sorrows in this world.—My father
ing.—As few as any man, Trim, replied
r can I see how a fellow of thy light
it from the distress of poverty in thy old
: past all services, Trim—and hast out-
An' please your honour, never fear, re-
y.—But I would have thee never fear,
ncle; and therefore, continued my un-
down his crutch, and getting up upon
ed the word therefore—in recompense,
fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy
ich proofs of—whilst thy master is worth
ilt never ask elsewhere, Trim, for a pen-
ed to thank my uncle Toby, but had not
ed down his cheeks faster than he could
laid his hands upon his breast—made a
and shut the door.

rim my bowling-green, cried my uncle
r smiled.——I have left him moreover
l my uncle Toby.——My father looke

CHAPTER V.

said my father to himself, to talk of *pen-*
r?

CHAPTER VI.

e Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my
down with his nose flat to the quilt, and
my uncle Toby had shot him; but it was
ry other limb and member of my father
with his nose into the same precise atti-
y first described; so that when Corporal
and my father found himself disposed to
he had all the little preparatory move-
again, before he could do it. Attitude-
n——'tis the transition from one attitude
the preparation and resolution of the
ny, which is all in all.
n, my father played the same jig over
upon the floor—pushed the chamber-pot
within the valance—gave a hem—raised
is elbow—and was just beginning to ad-
y uncle Toby——when recollecting the
of his first effort in that attitude,—he rose
and in making the third turn across the

n, he stopped short before my uncle Toby; and laying three first fingers of his right hand in the palm of his and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my uncle ry as follows.

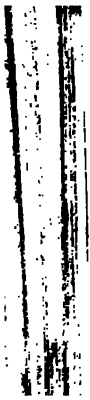
CHAPTER VII.

HEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon *man*, and take a v of that dark side of him which represents his life as n to so many causes of trouble—when I consider, brother by, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance——I was n to nothing, quoth my uncle Toby, interrupting my fa-, but my commission!—Zooks! said my father, did not uncle leave you an hundred and twenty pounds a year? -What could I have done without it? replied my uncle by.——That's another concern, said my father, testily—— I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all cross reckonings and sorrowful items with which the rt of man is overcharged, 'tis wonderful by what hidden urces the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature. -'Tis by the assistance of Almighty God, cried my uncle by, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close ther——'tis not from our own strength, brother Shandy sentinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend tand it out against a detachment of fifty men——we upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of ngs.

—That is cutting the knot, said my father, instead of ying it.——But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, tle deeper into this mystery.

With all my heart, replied my uncle Toby.

ly father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for *in* which Socrates is so finely painted by Raphael in his



" —and this, and this, I don't ask of
" themselves in course."

So stood my father, holding fast his fi
finger and his thumb, and reasoning wi
he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced
ty-coloured worsted bobs.——O Garriel
of this would thy exquisite powers ma
would I write such another, to avail n
tality, and secure my own behind it.

CHAPTER VIII

'THOUGH man is, of all others, the
said my father, yet, at the same time, 't
and so totteringly put together, that t
hard jostlings, it unavoidably meets

ming closer to the point——had my child
e world, unmartyr'd in that precious part
and extravagant as I may appear to the
n of Christian names, and of that magic
r had names irresistibly impress upon
l conduct——heaven is witness! that in
orts of my wishes for the prosperity of
nce wished to crown his head with more
than what *George* or *Edward* would have

rued my father, as the greatest evil has
st counteract and undo it with the great-

tened Trismegistus, brother.
swer,—replied my uncle Toby, rising up

CHAPTER IX.

er of chances, said my father, turning
the first landing, as he and my uncle
down stairs——what a long chapter of
nts of this world lay open to us! Take
nd, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly
re of calculations than this balluster, said
riking short of it with his crutch, and
a desperate blow souse upon his shin-
n hundred to one—cried my uncle Toby
th my father, (rubbing his shin) you had
calculations, brother Toby.——'Twas a
my uncle Toby.——Then it adds one to
d my father.
ess of my father's repartees tickled off
a at once——it was well it so fell out——
—or the world to this day had never

chapter upon wishes:—a chapter or nos
done that—a chapter upon my uncle To
say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, w
before I sleep——By my great-grandfatl
shall never get half of 'em thro' this year.

Take pen and ink in hand, and calculat
ther Toby, said my father, and it will turn
one, that of all the parts of the body, the
ceps should have the ill luck just to fall
down that one part, which should break do
of our house with it.

It might have been worse, replied my
don't comprehend, said my father.——
had presented, replied my uncle Toby, a
bodes?

My father reflected half a minute——lo
touched the middle of his forehead slightly
—True, said he.

CHAPTER X.

across me——Drop the curtain, Shandy——I drop it——Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram—I strike it——and hey for a new chapter!——

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair——and if I had one——as I do all things out of all rule——I would twist it and tear it to pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done——Am I warm?—I am, and the cause demands it——A pretty story! is a man to follow rules—or rules to follow him?——

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I lay down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once: Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse—that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that in a work of this dramatic cast they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him,—O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana's temple—you must read Longinus—read away——If you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again. Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle's metaphysics forty times thro' a piece, and never understood a single word——But mark the consequence—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books de omni scribili; and for Licetus (Fortunio) tho' all the world knows he was born a fœtus,* of no more than five

* *Ce Fortus* n'étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais son père l'ayant examiné en qualité de medecin, & ayant trouvé que c'étoit quelque chose de plus qu'un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant á Rappallo, où il le fit voir á Jerome Bardi & á d'autres medecins du lieu. On trouva qu'il ne lui manquoit rien d'essentiel á la vie; & son père pour fair voir un essai de son expérience, entreprit d'achever l'ouvrage de la nature, et de travailler á la formation de l'enfant avec le meme artifice que celui dont on se sert pour fair éclore les poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une nourisse de tout ce qu'elle avoit á faire, & ayant fait mettre son fil dans un four proprement accommodé, il reussis

inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing
height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as
himself——the learned know I mean his Gonopsychanthro
pologia upon the origin of the human soul.
So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold
be the best chapter in my whole work; and, take my w
whoever reads it, is full as well employed, as in pi
straws.

CHAPTER XL.

WE shall bring all things to rights, said my fa
his foot upon the first step from the landing.—
megistus, continued my father, drawing his
turning to my uncle Toby—was the greatest
earthly beings—he was the greatest king—th
giver—the greatest philosopher—and the gre
and engineer—said my uncle Toby.
——In course, said my father.

á l'élever et a lui faire prendre ses accroi
par l'uniformité d'une chaleur étrang
ment sur les dégres d'un thermometre,
ment équivalent. (Vide Mich. Glus
Liguri a Cart. 223. 448.)
On auroit toujours été très satisfait
si expérimenté dans l'art de la gènèr
pu prolonger la vie á son fils que po
peu d'années.
Mais quand on se représente qu
quatre-vingts ans, & qu'il a compo
différents tous fruits d'une longu
que tout ce qui est incroyable n'
la vraisemblance n'est pas toujo
Il n'avoit que dix-neuf ans
chanthropologia de origine ani
(Les enfans célébrés, revu
noye de l'Academie Francoi

CHAPTER XII.

ND how does your mistress? cried my father, taking the
ne step over again from the landing, and calling to Susan-
ı, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a
ge pincushion in her hand,—how does your mistress? As
ll, said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up,
can be expected—What a fool am I? said my father, draw-
his leg back again—let things be as they will, brother
by, 'tis ever the precise answer—And how is the child
ıy?—No answer.——And where is Dr. Slop? added my
her, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballus-
s——Susannah was out of hearing.

Of all the riddles of a married life, said my father, cross-
the landing, in order to set his back against the wall,
ilst he propounded it to my uncle Toby—of all the puz-
ıg riddles, said he, in a married state,—of which you may
st me, brother Toby, there are more asses loads than all
's stock of asses could have carried——there is not one
t has more intricacies in it than this,—that, from the very
ment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every
ale in it, from my lady's gentlewoman down to the cin-
wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give them-
es more airs upon that single inch, than all their other
hes put together.

think, rather, replied my uncle Toby, that 'tis we who
e an inch lower—If I meet but a woman with child—I do
—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures,
ther Shandy, said my uncle Toby—'tis a piteous burden
n 'em, continued he, shaking his head.—Yes, yes, 'tis a
rful thing—said my father, shaking his head too—but
ainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never
two heads shake together, in concert from two such dif-
ent springs.

God bless 'em all—said my uncle Toby and my father,
Deuce take each to himself.

[illegible] :——you chairman :——[illegible]
into that bookseller's shop and call me
very willing to give any one of 'em a
his tackling, to get my father and [illegible]
stairs, and to put them to bed.

——'Tis even high time; for, exc
they both got whilst Trim was boring
which, by the by, did my father no
score of the bad hinge——they have [illegible]
since nine hours before the time that
the back parlour in that dirty pickle [illegible]

Was every day of my life to be as b
to take up——Truce—

I will not finish that sentence till I [illegible]
tion upon the strange state of affairs b
myself, just as things stand at pres
never applicable before to any one bi
the creation of the world, but to my
will never hold good to any other, un
——and therefore, for the very novel
be worth your worship's attending to.

I am this month one whole year olde
twelvemonth; and having got, as you
the middle of my fourth volume——a

364 times faster than I should write—it must follow, an' please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write——and consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my opinions will be the death of me, I perceive I shall lead a fine life of it out of this selfsame life of mine; or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it noway alters my prospect—Write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises—I shall never overtake myself——Whipp'd and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven prosper the manufacturers of paper under this propitious reign, which is now open to us——as I trust its providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all-bountiful——I shall never want tools to work with.——

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?——And how did you manage it?——You dropp'd a curtain at the stair's foot——I thought you had no other way for it—Here's a crown for your trouble.

CHAPTER XIV.

THEN reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah——There is not a moment's time to dress you, sir, cried Susannah, the child is as black in the face, as my——As your what? said my father; for, like all orators he was a dear searcher into comparisons—Bless me, sir, [illegible]

Were one sure, said my [illegible] eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one [illegible] compliment my brother Toby as not——and pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a [illegible] negistus upon him—but he may recover.

No, no—said my father to Susannah, I'll ge There's no time, cried Susannah, the child's as shoe. Trismegistus, said my father———But a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father carry Trismegistu in thy head, the length without scattering?—Can I? cried Susannah door in a huff——If she can, I'll be shot, a bouncing out of bed in the dark, and gr breeches.

Susannah ran with all speed along the father made all possible speed to find his bree

Susannah got the start, and kept it———" something, cried Susannah—There is no ch the world, said the curate, beginning with tram. Then 'tis Tristram-gistus, quoth Sus [illegible] to it, noodle!———'ti

slipping out of the button-hole—so that, whether the i
jection was levelled at Susannah, or the button-hole,—
ther pish was an interjection of contempt, or an interje
of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt, till I shall
time to write the three following favourite chapters, th
my chapter of chamber-maids—my chapter of pishes—
my chapter of button-holes.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present, is
that the moment my father cried pish! he whisk'd hin
about——and with his breeches held up by one hand, an
nightgown thrown across the arm of the other, he retu
along the gallery to bed, something slower than he cam

CHAPTER XV.

I WISH I could write a chapter upon sleep—A fitter
sion could never have presented itself, than what this
ment offers, when all the curtains of the family are dra
the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open b
single one, for the other has been shut these twenty yea
my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write
zen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with
fame than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes!—there is something lively in the very
of 'em—and trust me, when I get among 'em—you g
with great boards—look as grave as you will—I'll make
ry work with my button-holes—I shall have 'em all to m
—'tis a maiden subject—I shall run foul of no man's wi
or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep—I know I shall make nothing of it bef
begin—I am no dab at your fine sayings in the first p
and in the next place, I cannot for my soul set a gr
upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the ref
unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the pris

(I know pleasures worth ten of it,—as w
to man, when the anxieties and passions
and he lies down upon his back, that his s
within him, that, whichever way she tur
vens shall look calm and sweet above h
fear—or doubt that troubles the air, no
present, or to come, that the imaginatio
without offence, in that sweet session.—

—"God's blessing, said Sancho Panc
"who first invented this self-same thin
"vers a man all over like a cloak."——
to me in this, and it speaks warmer to
tions than all the dissertations squeez'd
she learned toge.ther upon the subject.

——Not that I altogether disapprov
advances upon it—'tis admirable in it
memory.)

The world enjoys other pleasures, sa
of sleep, without tasting or feeling it
by.——We should study and ruminate

CHAPTER XVI.

If my wife will but venture him—brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dress'd and brought down to us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.

—Go tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

She is run up stairs, answered Obadiah, this very instant, sobbing and crying, and wringing her hands, as if her heart would break—

We shall have a rare month of it, said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my uncle Toby's face for some time—we shall have a devilish month of it, brother Toby, said my father, setting his arms akimbo, and shaking his head; fire, water, women, wind——brother Toby!—'tis some misfortune, quoth my uncle Toby——That it is, cried my father—to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmoved whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads.

—And what's the matter, Susannah?——They have called the child Tristram—and my mistress is just got out of an hysteric fit about it—No!—'Tis not my fault, said Susannah—I told him it was Tristram-gistus.

——Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat——but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine!

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation—and took down his hat with the gentelest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

—Go to the bowling-green, for Corporal Trim, said my uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

N the misfortune of my *nose* fell so heavily upon my
head,—the reader remembers, that he walked in-
p stairs and cast himself down upon his bed; and
ace, unless he has a great insight into human nature,
e apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and
ng movements from him, upon this misfortune of
e;—no.
ifferent weight, dear sir——nay, even the different
of two vexations of the same weight—makes a very
ference in our manners of bearing and getting
with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when, (in
t hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing
bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finish-
carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the

itly I snatch'd off my wig, and threw it perpendicu-
th all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room
I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the
nor do I think any thing else in Nature, would have
ch immediate ease: She, dear goddess, by an instan-
impulse, in all provoking cases, determines us to a
this or that member—or else she thrusts us into this
place, or posture of body, we know not why—But
adam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries—the
ious things which come in our way, have dark sides,
e quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even
est and most exalted understandings amongst us find
s puzzled and at a loss in almost every crannny of
works; so that this like a thousand other things,
for us in a way, which, tho' we cannot reason upon
e find the good of it, may it please your reverences
worships—and that's enough for us.
y father could not lie down with this affliction, for
ior could he carry it up stairs like the other—He
mposedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and rea
ed an hour which way to have gone—reason, with all
force, could not have directed him to any thing lik
There is something, sir, in fish-ponds—but what it is, I l
to system-builders and fish-pond diggers betwixt 'em to
out—but there is something, under the first disorderly u
port of the humours so unaccountably becalming in an
derly and a sober walk towards one of them, that I hav
ten wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor So
nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted
givers, ever gave order about them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

YOUR honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour door be
he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unh
accident—O yes, Trim! said my uncle Toby, and it
me great concern—I am heartily concerned too; but I
your honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to bel
that it was not in the least owing to me——To thee—T
cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face—'twas So
nah's and the curate's folly betwixt them——What bus
could they have together, an' please your honour, in
garden?—In the gallery, thou meanest, replied my u
Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped
with a low bow—Two misfortunes, quoth the Corpor
himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be u
over at one time,—the mischief the cow has done in bres
into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereaf
Trim's casuistry and address, under the cover of his low
prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby; so he wen
with what he had to say to Trim, as follows.

—For my own part, Trim, tho' I can see little or n
ence betwixt my nephew's being called Tristram o
gistus—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's h

, presenting his stick like a firelock?——Or when
ches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking wa
setting his foot upon his stool.—

CHAPTER XIX.

father was returned from his walk to the fish-pon
opened the parlour door in the very height of the
, just as my uncle Toby was marching up the glac
recovered his arms————Never was my uncle T
ht riding at such a desperate rate in his life! A
ncle Toby!—had not a weightier matter called
ready eloquence of my father—how badly thos
y poor *Hobby-Horse* too have been insulted!

My father hung up his hat with the same air he down; and, after giving a slight look at the disord room, he took hold of one of the chairs which had the Corporal's breach, and placing it over against m Toby, he sat down in it, and as soon as the tea-thin taken away, and the door shut, he broke out in a l tion as follows:

My Father's Lamentation.

IT is in vain longer, said my father, addressing as much to Ernulphus's curse, which was laid upon ner of the chimney-piece,—as to my uncle Toby, under it—it is in vain longer, said my father, in t querulous monotony imaginable, to struggle, as done, against this most uncomfortable of human per —I see it plainly, that, either for my own sins, brot by, or the sins and follies of the Shandy family, hea thought fit to draw forth the heaviest of its artillery me; and that the prosperity of my child is the poi which the whole force of it is directed to play—Suel would batter the whole universe about our ears, Shandy, said my uncle Toby—if it was so——Unhap tram! child of wrath! child of decrepitude! inter mistake! and discontent! What one misfortune (ter in the book of embryotic evils, that could unm thy frame, or entangle thy filaments! which has n upon thy head, ere ever thou camest into the w What evils in thy passage into it!——what evils sin Produced into being in the decline of thy father' when the powers of his imagination and of his bo waxing feeble—when radical heat and radical moist elements which should have temper'd thine, were up, and nothing left to found thy stamina in, but neg 'tis pitiful——brother Toby, at the best, and called all the little helps that cares and attention on bo could give it. But how were we defeated! You k event, brother Toby—'tis too melancholy a one t peated now—when the few animal spirits I was v the world, and with which, memory, fancy, and qui

of nine months gestation, have set
My child was bereft of these!——
she lead herself and consequently
nonsensical anxiety of hers about
thought my sister submitted with
plied my uncle Toby——I never he
ful word about it—She fumed inw
and that, let me tell you, brother, w
the child——and then! what battles
and what perpetual storms about
she gave vent, said my uncle Toby-
ther, looking up——

But what was all this, my dear To
us by my child's coming head foremo
all I wished in this general wreck of
saved this little casket unbroke, unrif

With all my precautions, how was
sy-turvy in the womb with my child
the hand of violence, and a pressure
seventy pounds avoirdupois weight
larly upon its apex——that, at this ho
insurance that the fine net-work of
not rent and torn to a thousand tatter

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curveting and frisking it away, two up and two down, for fuor volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trode upon!—I'll tread upon no one, quoth I to myself when I mounted—I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road——So off I set—up one lane—down another—thro' this turnpike—over that, as if the arch-jockey of jockeys had got behind me.

Now, ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may,—'tis a million to one you'll do some one a mischief, if not yourself——

He's flung——he's off——he's lost his seat——he's down—he'll break his neck—see—if he has not gallopped full amongst the scaffolding of the undertaking critics—he'll knock his brains out against some of their posts—he's bounced out!—look—he's now riding like a mad cap full tilt thro' a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.—Don't fear, said I—I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king's high-way—But your horse throws dirt; see, you've splash'd a bishop—I hope in God 'twas only Ernulphus, said I—But you have squirted full in the faces of Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne—That was last year, replied I—But you have trod this moment upon a king.—Kings have had times on't, said I, to be trod upon by such people as me.——You have done it, replied my accuser. I deny it, quoth I—and so have got off; and here am I standing with my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story—And what is it? You shall hear in the next chapter.

warming himself over the embers of a wo
ing with his first minister of sundry thing
the state—it would not be amiss, said the
the embers with his cane, if this good unde
ours lves and Switzerland was a little stre
is no end, sire, replied the minister, in givi
people—they would swallow up the treasu
Poo! poo! answered the king—there are
le Premier, of bribing states—besides that
I'll pay Switzerland—the honour of standi
my next child—Your majesty, said the min
would have all the grammarians in Eu
back; Switzerland, as a republick, being a
construction be godfather—She may be g
Francis, hastily—so announce my intentio
morrow morning.

I am astonished, said Francis the Fir
night) speaking to his minister as he enter
we have had no answer from Switzerland—
on you this moment, said Mons. le Premi
you my despatches upon that business—
ly? said the king—They do, sire, replied
have the highest sense of the honour your
them—but the republick as godmother, ch

Dauphin?——Shadrach Meshech Abednego, replied t nister.—By St. Peter's girdle, I will have nothing to dc the Swiss, cried Francis the First, pulling up his bre and walking hastily across the floor.

Your majesty, replied the minister calmly, cannot yourself off.

We'll pay them in money,—said the king.

Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the tre answered the minister—I'll pawn the best jewel in my c quoth Francis the First.

Your honour stands pawn'd already in this matte swered Mons. le Premier.

Then, Mons. le Premier, said the king, by —— we to war with 'em.

CHAPTER XXII.

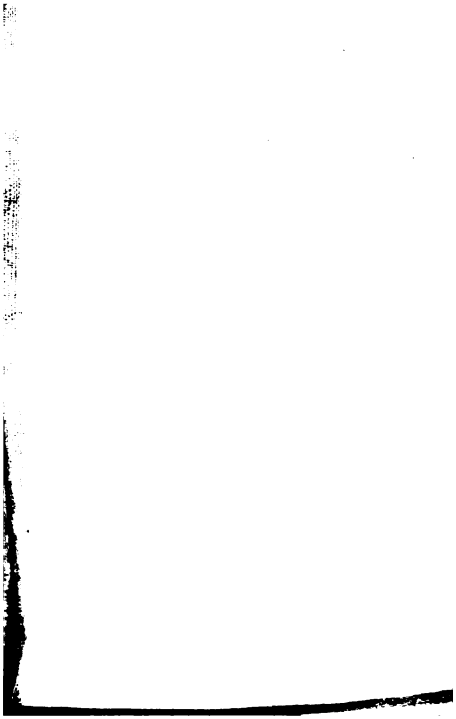
ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly, ar deavoured carefully (according to the measure of such der skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenie sure from other occasions of needful profit and hea pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I put into thy hands, might stand instead of many l books——yet have I carried myself towards thee in fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I a ed now to entreat thy lenity seriously——in beseeching to believe it of me, that, in the story of my father ar christian-names,—I have no thoughts of treading upon cis the First,——nor, in the affair of the nose——up-on cis the Ninth,——nor, in the character of my uncle ——of characterizing the militating spirits of my co ——the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every co rison of that kind——nor, by Trim, that I meant the of Ormond——or that my book is wrote against prede ion, or free-will, or taxes——If 'tis wrote against any

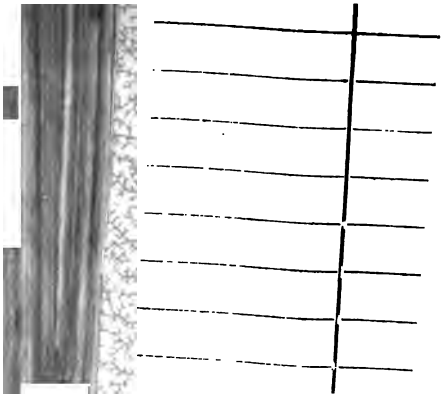
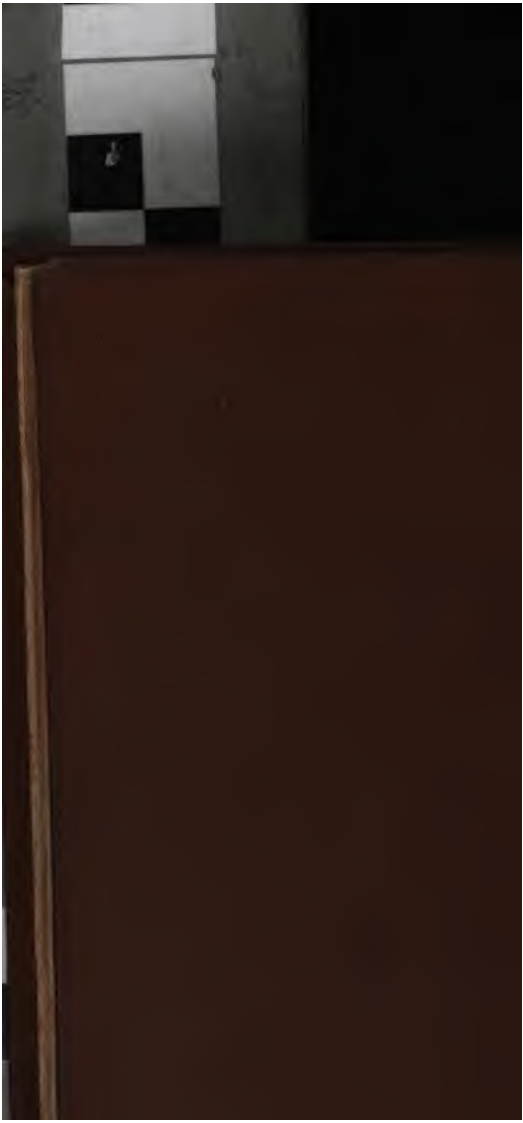
——'tis wrote, an' please your worships, against
in order, by a more frequent and a more conv
tion and depression of the diaphragm, and the
of the intercostal and abdominal muscles in
drive the gall and other bitter juices from the
liver and sweet-bread of his majesty's subjects,
inimicitious passions which belong to them, dow
duodenums.

CHAPTER XXIII.

—BUT can the thing be undone, Yorick? s
——for in my opinion, continued he, it cannot,
earnest, replied Yorick——but of all evils, hol
to be the most tormenting, we shall at least kn
of this matter. I hate these great dinners—sa
——The size of the dinner is not the point, a
trick——we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into t
this doubt, whether the name can be changed
as the boards of so many commissaries, officia
proctors, registers, and of the most able of our
and others, are all to meet in the middle of o
Didius has so pressingly invited you——who,
trees, would miss such an occasion? All that
continued Yorick, is to apprize Didius, and let
a conversation after dinner, so as to introduc
——That my brother Toby, cried my father,
two hands together, shall go with us.
——I'll put my old tie wig, quoth my uncl
my laced regimentals, be hung to the fire all ni

END OF THE FIRST VOLUM





W YORK
PERENCE